

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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"HAWORTH'S."

CHAPTER I.

TWENTY YEARS.

TWENTY years ago! Yes, twenty years ago this very day; and there were men among them who remembered it. Only two, however; and these were old men whose day was passed, and who would soon be compelled to give up work. Naturally upon this occasion these two were the centre-figures in the group of talkers who were discussing the topic of the hour.

"Aye," said old Tipton, "I 'member it as well as if it wur yesterday, for aw it's twenty year sin'. Eh, but it wur cowl! Th' cowdest neet i' th' winter; an' th' winter wur a bad un. Th' snow wur two feet deep. Their wur a big rush o' work, an' we'd had to keep th' foires goin' arter medneet. Their wur a chap workin' then by th' name o' Bob Latham—he's dead long sin',—an' he went to th' foundry door to look out. Yo' know how some chaps is about seein' how cowl it is, or how hot, or how heavy th' rain's comin' down. Well, he wur one o' them soart, an' he mun go an' tak' a look out at th' snow.

"'Coom in, tha foo',' sez I to him. 'Whatten tha stickin' tha thick yed ow't theer fur, as if it wur midsummer, i'stead o' being cowl enow to freeze th' tail off a brass jackass. Coom in wi' tha.'

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"'Aye,' he sez, a-chatterin' his teeth, 'it is cowl sure-ly; it's enow to stiffen a mon.'

"'I wish it ud stiffen thee,' I sez, 'so as we mought set thee up as a monyment at th' front o' th' 'Sylum.'

"'An' then aw at onct I heard him gie a jump an' a bit o' a yell like under his breath: 'God-a-moighty!' he sez.

"'Summat i' th' way he said it soart o' wakened me.

"'What's up?' I sez.

"'Coom here,' sez he, 'theer's a dead lad here.'

"'An' when I getten to him, sure enow I thowt he wur reet. Drawed up i' a heap nigh th' door theer wur a lad lyin' on th' snow, an' th' stiff look on him mowt ha' gi'en ony mon a turn.

"'Latham wur bendin' ower him, wi' his teeth chatterin'.

"'Dom thee!' I sez, 'why dost na tha lift him?'

"'Betwixt us we did lift him, an' carry him into th' Works, an' laid him down nigh one o' the furnaces, an' th' felly's coom crowdin' round to look at him. He wur a lad about nine year owd, an' strong-built, but he looked more than half clemmed; an' arter we'st rubbed him a good bit, an' getten him warmed enow to coom round i' a manner, th' way he set up an' ztared round wur summat queer.

"'Mesters,' he sez, hoarse an' shaky, 'ha' ony on yo' getten a bit o' bread i'

"Bob Latham's missus had put him up summat to eat, an' he browt it an' gie it to him. Well, th' little chap a'most snatched it, an' crammed it into his mouth i' great mouthfuls. His hands trembled so he could scarce hoid th' meat an' bread; an' in a bit, us as wur standin' lookin' on seed him soart o' choke, as if he wur goin' to cry; but he swallyed it down an' did na."

"I haven't had nowt to eat i' a time," sez he.

"How long?" sez I.

"Seemt like he thowt it ower a bit afore he answered, and then he sez:

"I think it mun ha' been four days."

"Where are yo' fro'?" one chap axed.

"I coom a long way," he sez. "I've bin on th' road three week." An' then he looks up sharp. "I run away fro' th' Union," he sez.

"That wur th' long an' short on it—he had th' pluck to run away fro' th' Union, an' he'd had th' pluck to stond out agen clemmin' and freezin' until flesh an' blood ud hoid out no longer, an' he'd fell down at th' foundry door."

"I seed th' lought o' th' furnaces," he sez, "an' I tried to run; but I went blind an' fell down. I thowt," he sez, "as cool as a cucumber, 'as I wur deein'."

"Well, we kep him aw neet an' took him to th' mester i' th' mornin', an' th' mester gie him a place, an' he stayed. An' he's bin i' th' foundry fro' that day to this, an' how he's worked an' gotten on yo' see for yoresens—fro' beein' at ivvery one's beck an' call to buyin' out Flixton an' settin' up for hissen. It's th' 'Haworth Iron Works' fro' to-day on, an' he will na mak' a bad mester, eyther."

"Nay, he will na," commented another of the old ones. "He's a pretty rough chap, but he'll do—will Jem Haworth."

There was a slight confused movement in the group.

"Here he cooms," exclaimed an outsider.

The man who entered the doorway—a strongly built fellow, whose handsome clothes sat rather ill on his somewhat uncouth body—made his way through the crowd with small ceremony. He met the glances of the workmen with a rough nod, and went straight to the managerial desk. But he did not sit down; he stood up, facing those who waited as if he meant to dispose of the business in hand as directly as possible.

"Well, chaps," he said, "here we are."

A slight murmur, as of assent, ran through the room.

"Aye, mester," they said; "here we are."

"Well," said he, "you know why, I suppose. We're taking a fresh start, and I've something to say to you. I've had my say here for some time; but I've not had my way, and now the time's come when I can have it. D——n it! I'm going to have the biggest place in England, and the best place too. 'Haworth's' sha'n't be second to none. I've set my mind on that. I said I'd stand here some day,"—with a blow on the desk,—and here I am. I said I'd make my way, and I've done it. From to-day on, this here's 'Haworth's,' and to show you I mean to start fair and square, if there's a chap here that's got a grievance, let that chap step out and speak his mind to Jem Haworth himself. Now's his time." And he sat down.

There was another stir and murmur, this time rather of consultation; then one of them stepped forward.

"Mester," he said, "I'm to speak fur 'em."

Haworth nodded.

"What I've gotten to say," said the man, "is said easy. Them as thowt they'd gotten grievances is willin' to leave the settlin' on 'em to Jem Haworth."

"That's straight enough," said Haworth. "Let 'em stick to it and there's not a chap among 'em sha'n't have his chance. Go into Greyson's room, lads, and drink luck to 'Ha-

worth's.' Tipton and Harrison, you wait a bit."

Tipton and Harrison lingered with some degree of timidity. By the time the room had emptied itself, Haworth seemed to have fallen into a reverie. He leaned back in his chair, his hands in his pockets, and stared gloomily before him. The room had been silent five minutes before he aroused himself with a start. Then he leaned forward and beckoned to the two, who came and stood before him.

"You two were in the place when I came," he said. "You"—to Tipton—"were the fellow as lifted me from the snow."

"Aye, mester," was the answer, "twenty year ago to-neet."

"The other fellow—"

"Dead! Eh! Long sin'. Ivvery chap as wur theer, dead an' gone, but me an' him," with jerk toward his comrade.

Haworth put his hand in his vest pocket, and drew forth a crisp piece of paper, evidently placed there for a purpose.

"Here," he said, with some awkwardness, "divide that between you."

"Betwixt us two!" stammered the old man. "It's a ten-pun-note, mester!"

"Yes," with something like shamefacedness. "I used to say to myself when I was a youngster, that every chap who was in the Works that night should have a five-pound-note to-day. Get out, old lads, and get as drunk as you please. I've kept my word. But—" his laugh breaking off in the middle,—"I wish there'd been more of you to keep it up together."

Then they were gone, chuckling in senile delight over their good luck, and he was left alone. He glanced round the room—a big handsome one, well filled with massive office-furniture, and yet wearing the usual empty, barren look.

"It's taken twenty years," he said; "but I've done it. It's *done*—and yet there isn't as much of it as I used to think there would be."

He rose from his chair, and went to the window to look out, rather impelled by restlessness than motive. The prospect, at least, could not have attracted him. The place was closed in by tall and dingy houses, whose slate roofs shone with the rain which drizzled down through the smoky air. The ugly yard was wet and had a deserted look; the only living object which caught his eye was the solitary figure of a man, who stood waiting at the iron gates.

At the sight of this man he started backward with an exclamation.

"The devil take the chap!" he said. "There he is again."

He took a turn across the room, but he came back again and looked out once more, as if he found some irresistible fascination in the sight of the frail, shabbily-clad figure.

"Yes," he said, "it's him, sure enough. I never saw another fellow with the same done-for look. I wonder what he wants."

He went to the door and opening it, spoke to a man who chanced to be passing.

"Floxham, come in here," he said. Floxham was a well-oiled and burly fellow, plainly fresh from the engine-room. He entered without ceremony, and followed his master to the window. Haworth pointed to the man at the gate.

"There's a chap," he said, "that I've been running up against here and there for the last two months. The fellow seems to spend his time wandering up and down the streets. I'm hanged if he don't make me think of a ghost. He goes against the grain with me, somehow. Do you know who he is, and what's up with him?"

Floxham glanced toward the gateway, and then nodded his head dryly.

"Aye," he answered, "he's the inventin' chap as has bin thirty year at work at some contrapshun, an' hasn't browt it to a head yet. He lives i' our street, an' me an' my missus hes been noticin' him fur a good bit. He'll noan finish th' thing he's at. He's on

his last legs now. He took th' contrapshun to 'Merica thirty year ago, when he first gotten th' idea into his head, an' he browt it back a bit sin' a'most i' th' same fix he took it. Me an' my missus think he's a bit soft i' th' yed."

Haworth pushed by him to get nearer the window. A slight moisture started out upon his forehead.

"Thirty year!" he exclaimed. "By God!"

There might have been something in his excitement which had its effect upon the man outside. He seemed as it were to awaken slowly from a fit of legarthy. He glanced up at the window, and moved slowly forward.

"He's made up his mind to come in," said Floxham.

"What does he want?" said Haworth, with a sense of physical uneasiness. "Confound the fellow!" trying to shake off the feeling with a laugh. "What does he want with me—to-day?"

"I can go out an' turn him back," said Floxham.

"No," answered Haworth. "You can go back to your work. I'll hear what he has to say. I've nought else to do just now."

Floxham left him, and he went back to the big arm-chair behind the table. He sat down and turned over some papers, not rid of his uneasiness even when the door opened and his visitor came in. He was a tall slender man, who stooped, and was narrow-chested; he was gray, hollow-eyed, and haggard. He removed his shabby hat, and stood before the table a second, in silence.

"Mr. Haworth?" he said, in a gentle, absent-minded voice. "They told me this was Mr. Haworth's room."

"Yes," he answered, "I'm Haworth."

"I want"—a little hoarsely, and faltering—"to get some work to do. My name is Murdoch. I've spent the last thirty years in America, but I'm a Lancashire man. I went to America on business—which has not been suc-

cessful—yet. I—I have worked here before,"—with a glance around him,—“and I should like to work here again. I did not think it would be necessary, but—that does not matter. Perhaps it will only be temporary. I must get work."

In the last sentence his voice faltered more than ever. He seemed suddenly to awaken, and bring himself back to his first idea, as if he had not intended to wander from it.

"I—I must get work," he repeated.

The effect he produced upon the man he appealed to was peculiar. Jem Haworth almost resented his frail appearance. He felt it an uncomfortable thing to confront just at this hour of his triumph. He had experienced the same sensation, in a less degree, when he rose in the morning and looked out of his window upon the murky sky and falling rain. He would almost have given a thousand pounds for clear, triumphant sunshine.

And yet, in spite of this, he was not quite as brusque as usual when he made his answer.

"I've heard of you," he said. "You've had ill-luck."

Stephen Murdoch shifted his hat from hand to hand.

"I don't know," he replied slowly. "I've not called it that yet. The end has been slow, but I think it's sure. It will come some—"

Haworth made a rough gesture.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "hav'n't you given the thing up yet?"

Murdoch fell back a pace, and stared at him in a stunned way.

"Given it up!" he repeated. "Yet?"

"Look here!" said Haworth. "You'd better do it, if you hav'n't. Take my advice and have done with it. You're not a young chap, and if a thing's a failure after thirty years' work—" he stopped, because he saw the man trembling nervously.

"Oh, I didn't mean to take the pluck out of you," he said bluntly, a

moment later. "You must have had plenty of it to begin with, egad, or you'd never have stood it this long."

"I don't know that it was pluck," still quivering. "I've lived on it so long that it would not give me up; I think that's it."

Haworth dashed off a couple of lines on a slip of paper and tossed it to him. "Take that to Greyson," he said, "and you'll get your work; and if you have anything to complain of, come to me."

Murdoch took the paper, and held it hesitatingly.

"I—perhaps I ought not to have asked for it to-day," he said nervously. "I'm not a business man, and I didn't think of it. I came in because I saw you. I'm going to London to-morrow, and shall not be back for a week."

"That's all right," said Haworth. "Come then."

He was not sorry to see his visitor turn away, after uttering a few simple words of thanks. It would be a relief to see the door close after him. But when it had closed, to his discomfiture it opened again. The thin, poorly-clad figure re-appeared.

"I heard in the town," said the man, his cheek flushing faintly, "of what has happened here to-day. Twenty years have brought you better luck than thirty have brought me."

"Yes," answered Haworth; "my luck's been good enough as luck goes."

"It seems almost a folly,"—falling into the meditative,—"*for me to wish you good luck in the future.*" And then, pulling himself together again as before, "*It is a folly; but I wish it, nevertheless. Good luck to you!*"

The door closed, and he was gone.

CHAPTER II.

THIRTY YEARS.

A LITTLE later, there stood at a window in one of the cheapest of the respectable streets, a woman whom the neighbours had become used to seeing there. She was a small person, with a re-

pressed and watchful look in her eyes, and she was noticeable also to the Lancashire mind for a certain slightly foreign air, not easily described. It was in consequence of inquiries made concerning this foreign air, that the rumour had arisen that she was a "Merican," and it was possibly a result of this rumour that she was regarded by the inhabitants of the street with a curiosity not unmingled with awe.

"Aye," said one honest matron. "Hoo's a 'Merican, fur my mester heerd it fro' th' landlord. Eh! I would like to ax her summat about th' Blacks an' th' Indians."

But it was not easy to attain the degree of familiarity warranting the broaching of subjects so delicate and truly "Merican." The stranger and her husband lived a simple and secluded life. It was said the woman had never been known to go out; it seemed her place to stand or sit at the window and watch for the man when he left the house on one of his mysterious errands in company with the wooden case he carried by its iron handle.

This morning she waited as usual; though the case had not gone out—rather to the disappointment of those interested, whose conjectures concerning its contents were varied and ingenious. When, at last, the tall stooping figure turned the corner, she went to the door and stood in readiness to greet its crossing the threshold.

Stephen Murdoch looked down at her with a kindly, absent smile.

"Thank you, Kitty," he said. "You are always here, my dear."

There was a narrow, hard, horse-hair sofa in the small room into which they passed, and he went to it and lay down upon it, panting a little in an exhausted way, a hectic red showing itself on his hollow cheeks.

"Everything is ready, Kitty!" he said at last.

"Yes; all ready."

He lay and looked at the fire, still breathing shortly.

"I never was as certain of it before," he said. "I have thought I was certain, but—I never felt as I do now. And yet—I don't know what made me do it—I went into Haworth's this morning and asked for—for work."

His wife dropped the needle she was holding. "For work!" she said.

"Yes—yes," a little hastily. "I was there and saw Haworth at a window, and there have been delays so often that it struck me I might as well—not exactly depend on it—" He broke off and buried his face in his hands. "What am I saying?" he cried. "It sounds as if I did not believe in it."

His wife drew her chair nearer to him. She was used to the task of consoling him; it had become a habit. She spoke in an even, unemotional voice:

"When Hilary comes," she began.

"It will be all over then," he said, "one way or the other. He will be here when I come back."

"Yes."

"I may have good news for him," he said. "I don't see,"—faltering afresh,—*"how it can be otherwise. Only I am so used to discouragement that—that I can't see the thing fairly. It has been—a long time, Kitty."*

"This man in London," she said, "can tell you the actual truth about it!"

"He is the first mechanic and inventor in England," he answered, his eye sparkling feverishly. "He is a genius. If he says it is a success, it is one."

The woman rose, and going to the fire bent down to stir it. She lingered over it for a moment or so before she came back.

"When the lad comes," he was saying, as if to himself, "we shall have news for him."

Thirty years before he had reached America, a gentle, unpractical Lancashire man, with a frail physique and empty pockets. He had belonged in

his own land to the better class of mechanics; he had a knack of invention which somehow had never as yet brought forth any decided results. He had done one or two things which had gained him the reputation among his employers of being "a clever fellow," but they had always been things which had finally slipped into stronger or shrewder hands, and left his own empty. But at last there had come to him what seemed a new and wonderful thought. He had laboured with it in secret; he had lain awake through long nights brooding over it in the darkness.

And then some one had said to him, "Why don't you try America! America's the place for a thinking, inventing chap like you. It's fellows like you who are appreciated in a new country. Capitalists are not so slow in America. Why don't you carry your traps out there?"

It was more a suggestion of boisterous good-fellowship than anything else; but it awakened new fancies in Stephen Murdoch's mind. He had always cherished vaguely grand visions of the New World, and they were easily excited.

"I only wonder I never thought of it," he said to himself.

He landed on the strange shore with high hopes in his breast, and a little unperfected model in his shabby trunk.

This was thirty years ago, and to-day he was in Lancashire again, in his native town, with the same little model among his belongings.

During the thirty years interval he had lived an unsettled, unsuccessful life. He had laboured faithfully at his task, but he had not reached the end which had been his aim. Sometimes he had seemed very near it, but it had always evaded him. He had drifted here and there bearing his work with him, earning a scant livelihood by doing anything chance threw in his way. It had always been a scant livelihood,—though after the lapse of eight

years, in one of his intervals of hopefulness, he had married. On the first night they spent in their new home he had taken his wife into a little bare room set apart from the rest, and had shown her his model.

"I think a few weeks will finish it," he said.

The earliest recollections of their one child centred themselves round the small room and its contents. It was the one touch of romance and mystery in their narrow, simple life. The few spare hours the struggle for daily bread left the man were spent there; sometimes he even stole hours from the night, and yet the end was always one step further. His frail body grew frailer, his gentle temperament more excitable; he was feverishly confident and utterly despairing by turns. It was in one of his hours of elation that his mind turned again to his old home. He was sure at last that a few days' work would complete all, and then only friends were needed.

"England is the place, after all," he said. "They are more steady there, even if they are not so sanguine,—and there are men in Lancashire I can rely upon. We'll try Old England once again."

The little money hard labour and scant living had laid away for an hour of need, they brought with them. Their son had remained to dispose of their few possessions. Between this son and the father there existed a strong affection, and Stephen Murdoch had done his best by him.

"I should like the lad," he used to say, "to have a fairer chance than I had. I want him to have what I have lacked."

As he lay upon the horse-hair sofa he spoke of him to his wife.

"There are not many like him," he said. "He'll make his way. I've sometimes thought that may be—" But he did not finish the sentence; the words died away from his lips, and he lay, perhaps thinking over them as he looked at the fire.

CHAPTER III.

"NOT FINISHED."

THE next morning he went upon his journey, and a few days later the son came. He was a tall young fellow, with a dark strongly-cut face, deep-set black eyes, and an unconventional air. Those who had been wont to watch his father watched him in his turn with quite as much interest. He seemed to apply himself to the task of exploring the place at once. He went out a great deal, and in all sorts of weather. He even presented himself at "Haworth's," and making friends with Floxham, got permission to go through the place and look at the machinery. His simple directness of speech at once baffled and softened Floxham, to whom the general rudeness of ordinary youth was obnoxious, as it is to every elderly and orthodox Briton.

"My name's Murdoch," he had said. "I'm an American, and I'm interested in mechanics. If it isn't against your rules, I should like to see your machinery."

Floxham pushed his cap off his forehead, and looked him over.

"Well, I'm dom'd," he remarked.

It had struck him at first that this might be "cheek;" and then he had recognised that it was not.

Murdoch looked slightly bewildered.

"If there is any objection—" he began.

"Well, there is na," said Floxham. "Coom on in." And he cut the matter short by turning into the door.

"Did ony o' yo' chaps see that felly as come to look at th' machinery?" he said 'afterwards to his comrades. "He's fro' 'Merica, an' danged if he has na more head-fillin' than yo'd think fur. He goes round wi' his hands i' his pockits lookin' loike a foo', an' axin' questions as ud stump an owd un. He's that inventin' chap's lad. I dunnot go much wi' inventions mysen, but th' young chap's noan sich a foo' as he looks."

Between mother and son but little had been said on the subject which reigned supreme in the mind of each. It had never been their habit to speak freely on the matter. On the night of Hilary's arrival, as they sat together, the woman had said, "He went away three days ago. He will be back at the end of the week. He hoped to have good news for you."

They had said little beyond this, but both had sat silent for some time afterward, and the conversation had become desultory and lagged somewhat until they separated for the night.

The week ended with fresh gusts of wind and heavy rains. Stephen Murdoch came home in a storm. On the day fixed for his return, his wife scarcely left her seat at the window for an hour. She sat looking out at the driving rain with a pale and rigid face. When the night fell, and she rose to close the shutters, Hilary saw that her hands shook.

She made the small room as bright as possible, and set the evening meal upon the table, and then sat down and waited again by the fire, cowering a little over it, but not speaking.

"His being detained is not a bad sign," said Hilary.

Half an hour later they both started from their seats at once. There was a loud summons at the door. It was Hilary who opened it, his mother following closely.

A great gust of wind blew the rain in upon them, and Stephen Murdoch, wet and storm-beaten, stepped in from the outer darkness, carrying the wooden case in his hands.

He seemed scarcely to see them. He made his way past them and into the lighted room with uncertain step. The light appeared to dazzle him. He went to the sofa weakly and threw himself upon it; he was trembling like a leaf; he had aged ten years.

"I—I——" And then he looked up at them as they stood before him waiting. "There is nought to say," he cried out; and burst into wild hysterical weeping, like that of a woman.

In obedience to a sign from his mother Hilary left the room. When after the lapse of half-an-hour he returned, all was quiet. His father lay upon the sofa with closed eyes, his mother sat near him. He did not rise nor touch food, and only spoke once during the evening. Then he opened his eyes and turned them upon the case, which still stood where he had placed it.

"Take it away," he said in a whisper. "Take it away."

The next morning Hilary went to Floxham. "I want work," he said. "Do you think I can get it here?"

"What soart does tha want?" asked the engineer, not too encouragingly. "Th' gentlemanly soart as tha con do wi' kid-gloves an' an eye-glass on?"

"No," answered Murdoch, "not that sort."

Floxham eyed him keenly.

"Would tha tak owt as was offert thee?" he demanded.

"I think I would."

"Aw reet then! I'll gie thee a chance. Coom tha wi' me to th' engine-room, an' see how long tha'll stick to it."

It was very ordinary work he was given to do, but he seemed to take quite kindly to it; in fact, the manner in which he applied himself to the rough tasks which fell to his lot gave rise to no slight dissatisfaction among his fellow-workmen, and caused him to be regarded with small respect. He was usually a little ahead of the stipulated time, he had an equable temper, and yet, despite this and his civility, he seemed often more than half oblivious of the existence of those around him. A highly-flavoured joke did not awaken him to enthusiasm, and perhaps chiefest among his failings was noted the fact that he had no predilection for "sixpenny," and at his mid-day meal, which he frequently brought with him and ate in any convenient corner, he sat drinking cold water and eating his simple fare over a book.

"Th' chap is na more than haaf

theer," was the opinion generally expressed.

Since the night of his return from his journey, Stephen Murdoch had been out no more. The neighbours watched for him in vain. The wooden case stood unopened in his room; he had never spoken of it. Through the long hours of the day he lay upon the sofa, either dozing or in silent wakefulness, and at length instead of upon the sofa he lay upon the bed, not having strength to rise.

About three months after he had taken his place at Haworth's, Hilary came home one evening to find his mother waiting for him at the door. She shed no tears; there was in her face only a kind of hopeless terror.

"He sent me out of the room," she said. "He has been restless all day. He said he must be alone."

Hilary went up stairs. Opening the door he fell back a step. The model was in its old place on the work-table, and near it stood a tall, gaunt, white figure.

His father turned toward him.

He touched himself upon the breast. "I always told myself," he said, incoherently and hoarsely, "that there was a flaw in it—that something was lacking. I have said that for thirty years, and believed the day would come when I should remedy the wrong. To-night I *know*. The truth has come to me at last. There was no remedy. The flaw was in me," touching his hollow chest, "in *me*. As I lay there I thought once that perhaps it was not real—that I had dreamed it all and might awake. I got up to see—to touch it. It is there! Good God!"—as if a sudden terror grasped him. "Not finished!—and I—"

He fell into a chair and sank forward, his hand falling upon the model hopelessly and unmeaningly.

Hilary raised him and laid his head upon his shoulder. He heard his mother at the door, and cried out loudly to her.

"Go back!" he said. "Go back! You must not come in."

CHAPTER IV.

JANEY BRIARLEY.

A WEEK later Hilary Murdoch returned from the Broxton graveyard in a drizzling rain, and made his way to the bare, cleanly-swept chamber up stairs.

Since the night on which he had cried out to his mother that she must not enter, the table at which the dead man had been wont to sit at work had been pushed aside. Some one had thrown a white cloth over it. Murdoch went to it and drew this cloth away. He stood and looked down at the little skeleton of iron and steel; it had been nothing but a curse from first to last, and yet it fascinated him. He found it hard to do the thing he had come to do.

"It is not finished," he said to the echoes of the empty room. "It—never will be."

He slowly replaced it in its case, and buried it out of sight at the bottom of the trunk, which, from that day forward, would stand unused and locked.

When he arose after doing this he unconsciously struck his hands together, as he had seen grave-diggers do when they brushed the damp soil away.

The first time Haworth saw his new hand he regarded him with small favour. In crossing the yard one day at noon, he came upon him disposing of his unceremonious mid-day meal and reading at the same time. He stopped to look at him.

"Who's that?" he asked one of the men.

The fellow grinned in amiable appreciation of the rough tone of query.

"That's th' 'Merican," he answered; "an' a soft un he is."

"What's that he's reading?"

"Summat about engineerin', loike as not. That's his crack."

In the rush of his new plans and the hurry of the last few months,

The visit was scarcely to Murdoch's taste, but it was easier to accept than to refuse. He had seen the house often, and had felt some slight curiosity as to its inside appearance.

There was only one other house in Broxton which approached it in size and splendour, and this stood empty at present, its owner being abroad. Broxton itself was a sharp and dingy little town, whose inhabitants were mostly foundry hands. It had grown up around the Works and increased with them. It had a small railway station, two or three public-houses much patronized, and wore, somehow, an air of being utterly unconnected with the outside world, which much belied it. Motives of utility, a desire to be on the spot, and a general disregard for un-business-like attractions had led Haworth to build his house on the outskirts of the town.

"When I want a spree," he had said, "I can go to Manchester or London, and I'm not particular about the rest on it. I want to be nigh the place."

It was a big house and a handsome one. It was one of the expressions of the man's success, and his pride was involved in it. He spent money on it lavishly, and, having completed it, went to live a desolate life among its *grandeurs*.

The inhabitants of the surrounding villages, which were simple and agricultural, regarded Broxton with frank distaste, and "Haworth's" with horror. Haworth's smoke polluted their atmosphere. Haworth's hands made weekly raids upon their towns and rendered themselves obnoxious in their streets. The owner of the Works, his mode of life, his defiance of opinion, and his coarse sins, were supposed to be tabooed subjects. The man was ignored, and left to his visitors from the larger towns,—visitors who occasionally presented themselves to be entertained at his house in a fashion of his own, and who were a greater scandal than all the rest.

"They hate me," said Haworth to

his visitor, as they sat down to dinner; "they hate me, the devil take 'em. I'm not moral enough for 'em—not moral enough!" with a shout of laughter.

There was something unreal to his companion in the splendour with which the great fellow was surrounded. The table was covered with a kind of banquet; servants moved about noiselessly as he talked and laughed; the appointments of the room were rich and in good taste.

"Oh! it's none of my work," he said, seeing Murdoch glance about him. "I wasn't fool enough to try to do it myself. I gave it into the hands of them as knew how."

He was loud-tongued and boastful; but he showed good-nature enough and a rough wit, and it was also plain that he knew his own strength and weaknesses.

"Thirty years your father was at work on that notion of his!" he said once during the evening.

Murdoch made an uneasy gesture of assent.

"And it never came to aught?"

"No."

"He died?"

"Yes."

He thrust his hands deep in his pockets, and gave the young fellow a keen look.

"Why don't you take the thing up yourself?" he said. "There may be something in it, after all, and you're a long-headed chap."

Murdoch started from his chair. He took an excited turn across the room before he knew what he was doing.

"I never will," he said, "so help me God! The thing's done with and shut out of the world."

When he went away, Haworth accompanied him to the door. At the threshold he turned about.

"How do you like the look of things?" he demanded.

"I should be hard to please if I did not like the look of them," was the answer.

"Well, then, come again. You're

welcome. I have it all to myself. I'm not favourite enow with the gentry to bring any on 'em here. You're free to come when th' fit takes you."

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. FFRENCH.

It was considered, after this, a circumstance illustrative of Haworth's peculiarities that he had taken to himself a *protégé* from among the "hands"; that said *protégé* was an eccentric young fellow who was sometimes spoken of as being scarcely as bright as he should be; that he occasionally dined or supped with Haworth, that he spent numberless evenings with him, and that he read his books, which would not have been much used otherwise.

Murdoch lived his regular, unemotional life, in happy ignorance of these rumours. It was true that he gradually fell into the habit of going to Haworth's house, and also of reading his books. Indeed, if the truth were told these had been his attraction.

"I've no use for 'em," said Haworth, candidly, on showing him his library. "Get into 'em, if you've a fancy for 'em."

His fancy for them was strong enough to bring him to the place again and again. He found books he had wanted, but never hoped to posses. The library, it may be admitted, was not of Jem Haworth's selection, and indeed this gentleman's fancy for his new acquaintance was not a little increased by a certain shrewd admiration for an intellectual aptness which might be turned to practical account.

"You tackle 'em as if you were used to 'em," he used to say. "I'd give something solid myself if I could do the same. There's what's against me many a time—knowing nought of books and having to fight my way rough and ready."

From the outset of this acquaintance Murdoch's position at the Works had been an easier one. It became under-

stood that Haworth would stand by him, and that he must be treated with a certain degree of respect. Greater latitude was given him and better pay, and though he remained in the engine room, other and more responsible work frequently fell into his hands.

He went on in the even tenor of his way, uncommunicative and odd as ever. He still presented himself ahead of time, and laboured with the unnecessary absorbed ardour of an enthusiast, greatly to the distaste of those less zealous.

"Tha gets into it as if tha wur doin' fur thyself," said one of these. "Happen"—feeling the sarcasm a strong one,—“happen tha'rt fond on it?"

"Oh yes," unconsciously; "that's it, I suppose. I'm fond of it."

The scoffer bestowed upon him one thunderstruck glance, opened his mouth, shut it, and retired in disgust.

"Theer's a chap," he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder on returning to his companions—"theer's a chap as says he's fond o' work—fond on it!"—with dramatic scorn. "Blast his eyes! Fond on it!"

With Floxham he had always stood well, though even Floxham's regard was tempered with a slight private contempt for peculiarities not easily tolerated by the practical mind.

"Th' chap's gotten gumption enow i' his way," he said to Haworth. "If owt breaks down or gets out o' gear, he's aw theer; but ther is na a lad on th' place as could na cheat him o' his eye-teeth."

His reputation of being a "queer chap" was greatly increased by the simplicity and seclusion of his life. The house in which he lived with his mother had the atmosphere of a monastic cell. As she had devoted herself to her husband, the woman devoted herself to her son, watching him with a hungry eye. He was given to taking long stretches of walks, and appearing in distant villages, book in hand, and with appa-

rently no ulterior object in view. His holidays were nearly all spent out-of-doors in such rambles as these. The country people began to know his tall figure and long stride, and to regard him with the friendly toleration of strength for weakness.

"They say i' Broxton," it was said among them, "as his feyther deed daft, and it's no wonder th' young chap's gotten queer ways. He's good-natured enow, though i' a simple road."

His good-nature manifested itself in more than one way which called forth comment. To his early friendship for Janey he remained faithful. The child interested him, and the sentiment developed as it grew older.

It was quite natural that, after a few months' acquaintance, he should drop in at the household of her parents on Saturday afternoon, as he was passing. It was the week's half-holiday and a fine day, and he had nothing else to do. These facts, in connection with that of the Briarley's cottage presenting itself, were reasons enough for going in.

It occurred to him as he entered the narrow strip of garden before the door, that the children of the neighbourhood must have congregated to hold high carnival. Groups made dirt-pies; clusters played "bobber and kibbs;" select parties settled differences of opinions with warmth of feeling and elevation of voice; a youth of tender years, in corduroys which shone with friction, stood upon his head in one corner, calmly but not haughtily presenting to the blue vault of heaven a pair of ponderous brass-finished clogs.

"What dost want?" he demanded, without altering his position. "Th' missis isn't in."

"I'm going in to see Janey," explained Murdoch.

He found the little kitchen shining with the Saturday "cleaning up." The flagged floor as glaringly spotless as pipeclay and sandstone could make it, the brass oven-handles and tin pans in a condition to put an intruder out of countenance, the fire replenished, and Janey sitting on a stool on the hearth

enveloped in an apron of her mother's, and reading laboriously aloud.

"Eh! dear me!" she exclaimed. "It's yo'—an' I am na fit to be seen. I wur settin' down to rest a bit. I've been doin' th' cleanin' aw day, an' I wur real done fur."

"Never mind that," said Murdoch. "That's all right enough."

He cast about him for a safe position to take—one in which he could stretch his legs and avoid damaging the embarrassing purity of the floor. Finally he settled upon a small print-covered sofa, and balanced himself carefully upon its extreme edge and the backs of his heels, notwithstanding Janey's civil protestations.

"Dunnot yo' moind th' floor," she said. "Yo' needn't. Set yo' down comfortable."

"Oh, I'm all right," answered Murdoch, with calm good cheer. "This is comfortable enough. What's that you were reading?"

Janey settled down upon her stool with a sigh at once significant of relief and a readiness to indulge in friendly confidence.

"It's a book I gotten fro' th' Broxton Chapel Sunday Skoo'. It's th' Mem—m-e-m-o-i-r-s—"

"Memoirs," responded Murdoch.

"Memoyers of Mary Ann Gibbs."

Unfortunately her visitor was not thoroughly posted on the subject of the Broxton Chapel literature. He cast about him mentally, but with small success.

"I don't seem to have heard of it before," was the conclusion he arrived at.

"Hannot yo'! Well, it's a noice book, an' theer's lots more like it in th' skoo' libery—aw about Sunday skoo' scholars as has consumption an' th' loike an' reads th' boible to foalk an' dees. They aw on 'em dee."

"Oh," doubtfully, but still with respect. "It's not very cheerful, is it?"

Janey shook her head with an expression of mature resignation.

"Eh no! they're none on 'em cheer-

ful—but they're noice to read. This here un now—she had th' asthma an' summat wrong wi' her legs, an' she knowed aw th' boible through aside o' th' hymn-book, an' she'd sing aw th' toime when she could breathe fur th' asthma, an' tell foak as if they did na go an' do likewise they'd go to burnin' hell wheer th' fire is na quenched an' th' worms dyeth not."

"It can't have been very pleasant for the friends," was her companion's comment. But there was nothing jocose about his manner. He was balancing himself seriously on the edge of the hard little sofa and regarding her with speculative interest.

"Where's your mother?" he asked next.

"Hoo's gone to th' chapel," was the answer. "Theer's a mothers' meetin' in th' vestry, an' hoo's gone theer an' takken th' babby wi' her. Th' rest o' th' childer is playin' out at th' front."

He glanced out of the door.

"Those—those are not all yours?" he said, thunderstruck.

"Aye, they are—they. Eh!" drawing a long breath, "but is na theer a lot on 'em? Theer's eleven an' I've nussed 'em nigh ivvery one."

He turned toward the door again.

"There seems to be a great many of them," he remarked. "You must have had a great deal to do."

"That I ha'. I've wished mony a toime I'd been a rich lady. Theer's that daughter o' Ffrench's now. Eh! I'd loike to ha' bin her."

"I never heard of her before," he answered. "Who is she, and why do you choose her?"

"Cos she's so hansum. She's that theer grand she looks loike she thowt ivverybody else wur dirt. I've seen women as wur bigger, an' wore more cloas at onct, but I nivver seed none as grand as she is. I nivver seed her but onct. She coom here wi' her feyther fur two or three week' afore he went to furrin parts, an' she wur caught i' th' rain one day an' stopped in here a bit. She dropped her hankcher an' mother's gotten it yet. It's nigh aw

lace. Would yo' loike to see it?" hospitably.

"Yes," feeling his lack of enthusiasm something of a fault. "I—daresay I should."

From the depths of a drawer which she opened with a vigorous effort and some skill in retaining her balance, she produced something pinned up in a fragment of old linen. This she bore to her guest, and unpinning it, displayed the handkerchief.

"Tha can tak' it in thy hond an' smell it," she said graciously. "It's gotten scent on it."

Murdoch took it in his hand, scarce knowing what else to do. He knew nothing of women and their finery. He regarded the fragrant bit of lace and cambric seriously, and read in one corner the name "Rachel Ffrench," written in delicate letters. Then he returned it to Janey.

"Thank you," he said, "it is very nice."

Janey bore it back perhaps with some slight inward misgivings as to the warmth of its reception, but also with a tempering recollection of the ways of "men-foak." When she came back to her stool, she changed the subject.

"We've bin havin' trouble lately," she said. "Eh! but I've seed a lot o' trouble i' my day."

"What is the trouble now?" Murdoch asked.

"Feyther. It's allus him. He's gotten in wi' a bad lot an' he's drinkin' agen. Seems loike neyther mother nor me can keep him straight fur aw we told him Haworth'll turn him off. Haworth's not goin' to stand his drink an' th' lot he goes wi'. I would na stand it mysen."

"What lot does he go with?"

"Eh!" impatiently, "a lot o' foo's as stands round th' publicans an' grumbles at th' mesters an' th' wages they get. An' feyther's one o' these soft uns as believes aw they hears, an' has na gotten gumption to think fur hissen. I've looked after him ivver sin' I wur three."

She became even garrulous in her lack of patience, and was in full flow when her mother entered returning from the chapel, with a fagged face, and a large baby on her hip.

"Here, tak' him, Jane Ann," she said; "but tak' off thy apron furst, or tha'lt tumble ower it an' dirty his clean bishop wi' th' muck tha's gotten on it. Eh! I am tired. Who's this here?" signifying Murdoch.

"It's Mester Murdoch," said Janey, dropping the apron and taking the child, who made her look top-heavy. "Sit thees down, mother. Yo' needn't moind him. He's a workin' mon hissen."

When Murdoch took his departure, both accompanied him to the door.

"Coom in sometime when th' mester's here," said Mrs. Briarley. "Happen yo' could keep him in a neet an' that ud be summat."

Half way up the lane he met Haworth in his gig, when he stopped.

"Wheer hast tha been?" he asked, dropping into dialect, as he was prone to do.

"To Briarley's cottage, talking to the little girl."

Haworth stared at him a moment, and then burst into a laugh.

"Tha'rt a queer chap," he said. "I can no more than half make thee out. If thy head was not so level, I should think tha wert a bit soft."

"I don't see why," answered Murdoch, undisturbed. "The child interests me. I am not a Lancashire man, remember, and she is a new species."

"Get in," said Haworth, making room for him on the seat.

Murdoch got in, and as they drove on it occurred to him to ask a question.

"Who's Ffrench?"

"Ffrench?" said Haworth. "Oh, Ffrench is one o' th' nob's here. He's a chap with a fancy for being a gentleman-manufacturer. He's spent his brass on his notions, until he has been obliged to draw in his horns a bit. He's never lived much in Broxton, though he's got a pretty big place here. The Continent's the style for him; but he'll turn up here again some day when he's hard up enow. There's his place now."

And as he spoke they drove sharply by a house standing closed among the trees and having an air of desolateness, in spite of the sun-light.

To be continued.

SKETCHES FROM EASTERN SICILY.

I.—MESSINA.

THE great Mediterranean island has gone through so many revolutions, it has been the home of so many races, it has played so great a part in the history of the world at so many stages of the world's history, that it is not wonderful if its cities and districts differ widely in their chief sources of historic and artistic interest. In one spot our thoughts are chiefly drawn to earlier, in another to later times; highest of all is the interest of those spots which have kept up an unbroken importance through many distant ages. The monuments of earlier and later times have a deeper charm when they do not stand apart from each other, but when they stand side by side. And the charm is deepened yet again when they have not only stood, but lived through all changes, where for instance some sanctuary of a distant age and a fallen worship has lived on as a sanctuary to our day,

"Shrine of all creeds and temple of all gods."

No land is better fitted than Sicily to cure men of narrow devotion to particular periods of history or particular forms of art. With monuments of the Phœnician, the Greek, the Roman, the Saracen, the Norman, and the Spaniard around them, the peculiar people, either of "ancient" or of "modern" history, either of "classic" or of "medieval" art, may learn that there is something to admire, something to study, beyond the narrow range of their own subject. They may even learn that their own subject is imperfectly understood, unless they take in some kindred subject as its useful supplement. Sicilian history is a history of deliverances; but, in the history of Sicilian de-

liverances, Timoleôn must not shut out Roger nor Roger shut out Timoleôn, and both must be taught to lead up to the crowning fame of Garibaldi. The unity of history is indeed graven deep on the soil of that memorable island which twice beheld the great strife between Europe and Africa, between Aryan and Semitic man. The old struggle between the Greek and the Phœnician, between the worshipper of Zeus and the worshipper of Moloch, was fought over again more than a thousand years later between the Eastern Roman and the Saracen, between the disciple of Christ and the disciple of Mahomet. Many and taking as are the aspects of Sicilian history, it is the annals of those two great struggles which give that history its special character in the annals of the world. But those two aspects, and other aspects beside them, have left their impress in very different proportions on different parts of the island. The main historic and artistic interest of the northern and of the eastern side of Trinakria is widely different. Roughly and superficially put, the one is "medieval," the other is "classical." The main interest, I say, not the exclusive interest; nowhere can either the earlier or the later time be wholly forgotten; nowhere can either be fully grasped without attention to the other. Still each period has its geographical range within which its own interest is primary, while the interest of the other period is secondary. At Palermo, and as far as the interest of Palermo reaches, the main historic interest gathers within what we may roughly call the last thousand years. In that region we should define Sicily as, before all things, the land which the Norman won from the Saracen. The fact that it is the land

which the Norman won from the Saracen undoubtedly draws a yet keener interest from the memory of the earlier strife of Aryan and Semitic man on the same soil; but there is little directly to bring the memory of this earlier strife home to our minds. We know that Palermo was a Phœnician settlement; but we know that it was not the Greek but the Roman at whose hand it lost its Phœnician character. Though it saw the former strife of Aryan and Semitic man, it never saw it in its most attractive, its most specially Sicilian shape, when Aryan championship fell to the lot of the free Greek. Moreover it is simply as a matter of history that we know that Palermo was first Phœnician and then Roman. In the aspect of the modern city there is nothing to tell us that it ever was Phœnician, not much to tell us that it ever was Roman. But the memory of the second strife is the very life of Palermitan history and of Palermitan art. The greatness of the city, its rank as the head of Sicily and the crowning place of her kings, is due wholly to the presence of the Saracen and the Norman, not at all to the presence of the Phœnician and the Roman. The noblest monuments of the city and the coasts thereof are the palaces and churches which the conquered Saracen reared, in the style of his fathers, at the bidding of Norman lords. Cross the island to Akragas, Agrigentum, Girgenti—each modification of the name marks a stage in the city's history; here we find things altogether the other way. Here, while we have enough to hinder Norman and Saracen from passing out of our minds, it is the earlier strife, the strife of Greek and Phœnician, round which the main interest gathers. Akragas is, before all things, the Greek city which the Carthaginian overthrew. Here the later strife seems rather the shadow of the earlier, while at Palermo the earlier strife seems a shadow of the later. How is it at Selinous? How at Segesta, that non-Hellenic city which contrived to win for itself so marked

a place in the history alike of Hellenic politics and of Hellenic art? Those must speak who have had an absolutely free choice in tracing out their schemes of Sicilian travel. It sometimes happens that medical wisdom prescribes the breezes of the Sicilian coast, that it allows a free passage among the cities which fringe that coast, but that it forbids the hard travelling and rough fare of the inner parts of the island. In such a case all that is to be done is to fall back upon the rich stores of the Palermitan museum. The guardians of great and precious collections may deem the confession very barbarous; but there are those in whose eyes a museum savours somewhat of a robber's cave, whose first thought on entering such a place is the wish to carry back each object to the place from whence it came, the place where its maker put it, the only place where the fulness of its beauty and meaning can be taken in. There are for an Englishman few moments of deeper national shame than when, on the Akropolis of Athens, he sees the plaster casts of the precious works whose reality is to be seen among the plunder of his own national collection. The principle is inflexible; but, like other great principles, we do not always mourn that somebody else has broken it, provided we have no share in breaking it ourselves. So those who would on no account have carried off a single stone from the Segesta or Selinous to Palermo may, if they are forbidden to visit those fallen cities, still cherish in their own breasts a little secret joy that so much of the remains of Segesta and Selinous is to be seen at Palermo. They may be glad at any cost to take in the full strangeness of seeing Greek sculpture as grotesque as anything in our Northern Romanesque. Perseus killing Medousa, Hēraklēs carrying the Kerkōpes, as they appear in the Selinuntine metopes, will not be forgotten in a hurry. They are indeed an instructive lesson when we compare them with the later sculptures from the same place, a trifle stiff

perhaps, but none the worse for the stiffness. No mean artist was he¹ who carved Aktaïôn and his dogs, especially the one hound throttled by the hand of his master. Still he must mourn who has to turn eastward and leave Segesta and Selinous unvisited, all the more so if the same law compels him to pass the site of Himera with only a glimpse, and wholly to pass by Cefalù. Such an one is lucky if he gets a good sight of Soloeis, Soluntum, Solunto, the Phœnician hill-city of which so large a part has been brought to light without finding anything Phœnician there. Solunto is a noble site, a spot which supplies some instruction, and yet more materials for meditation; but to those who have not seen Cefalù, it seems a poor substitute. The visitor yearns for King Roger's minster below, and for the remains of primæval Kephalaïdion above. But when we pass the north-east cape, and find ourselves on the eastern side of the island, we are among cities where King Roger, the great centre of Palermitan history, becomes quite a secondary character, where even his dynasty ceases to be the great centre of historic interest. When we are fairly on the eastern coast, the Norman days of Sicily pass comparatively out of sight, and such memories of them as there are gather less round Roger the King than round his father, Roger the Great Count. Among the eastern Sicilian cities there is plenty to remind us of Saracens and Normans; but they sink into a secondary place alongside of the associations of earlier days. The Phœnician too appears on this coast in a different character from that in which we see him on the northern coast. It costs some effort to call up his image at Palermo and even at Solunto; but, when we have called him up, he appears in the comparatively harmless character of a colonist dwelling in

cities of his own foundation. So on the eastern coast of Sicily he may, in unrecorded days, before he withdrew to his north-western strongholds, have occupied and founded and passed away, as he occupied and founded and passed away at not a few points in the Ægean. But historically we know him here only in his later character, the enemy, once the terrible invader, of Hellenic Syracuse, as the more than invader of Hellenic Messênê. Along this whole coast the old Hellenic interest is predominant, and it mainly gathers round mighty Syracuse as its centre. Here, as far as the main objects of our study are concerned, we are as much in Greece as we are in Attica or in Peloponnêsos. Yet this very fact brings more closely home to us the fact for which we have to account, that, while Attica and Peloponnêsos are still Greece, Eastern Sicily is Greece no longer. Many reasons doubtless joined to bring about this result; but one forces itself upon us. Old Greece was the land of islands and peninsulas, where all was Greek from one sea to the other. Syracuse, we know and we see, was once the greatest of Greek cities, the greatest, we may safely add, of European cities. But could the great island, almost a continent, off which Syracuse lay, with the abiding barbaric background of its inland parts, ever become Greek in the same sense as the eastern or the western isles of Greece, as the *aktê* either of Argolis or of Athens?

The great city on the strait, the point of connexion between Eastern and North-western Sicily, forms appropriately a transitional link below the two regions. Its very name shows us that we are in a colonial region. Messênê, Messina—the Latin form preserves the true Doric name—Messina, bears a name which it was not the first part of the earth to bear, and which was purposely given it because another part of the earth had already borne it. The geography of all lands shows that nothing is more

¹ Æschylus, *Sept. c. Theb.* 473:—

ὁ σκηματοϋργὸς δ' οὐ τις εὐελκὺς ἀρ' ἦν
ὕστis τὸ δ' ἔργον ὠπάει πρὸς δαπάνῃ.

common than for two or more places to bear the same name quite independently. We have two Dorchesters, two *Tolosæ*, two or more *Bononiæ*, and a crowd of other like cases—to say nothing of the primeval Athens and Eleusis which are said to have once existed in Bœotia. But the Messênê of Sicily and the Messênê of Peloponnêsos do not stand in this vague kind of relation to one another. They are as directly connected as Boston in Holland and Boston in Massachusetts, as London on the Thames and London in Canada. We are here in the thick of colonial life and colonial nomenclature; Messênê, Naxos, Megara, all bear names which were given in memory of older dwellings of man. But in the case of Messênê there is a special peculiarity which has perhaps no exact parallel. The Sicilian Messênê is clearly called after the Peloponnesian Messênê, and yet there is a sense in which the Sicilian Messênê is older than the Peloponnesian Messênê. The Sicilian Messênê is undoubtedly the oldest city of the name. For in the older geography of Peloponnêsos Messênê, like Elis, was a region and not a city. The city of Messênê, the creation of Epameinôndas, did not exist till long after the Sicilian Messênê had put on the Messenian name. It is as if Boston in Massachusetts had been called, not Boston but Holland, and as if a town of Holland had arisen at some later time in the Lincolnshire fenland. In fact a great many curious analogies and contrasts might be found between old Greek colonial nomenclature and the nomenclature of modern European colonies, at least till the latter become utterly whimsical, as in some parts of the United States. But one form of modern colonial nomenclature could not have anything answering to it in Greek times. This is where a colonial city bears the name of a place in the old country, which has been given to it, not out of any thought of that place, but because it had become the surname or title of some man whom it

was wished to commemorate. There must be very few minds to which the names of Washington and Melbourne at all suggest the thought of the original Washington and Melbourne in England.

But in our Messenian case we have further complications. Messênê was not the oldest name of the city on the straits, nor was Messênê on the strait in any strict sense a colony of the land called Messênê in Peloponnêsos. The oldest name of the city was *Zanklê*, and *Zanklon*, we are told, meant in the old Sikel tongue a reaping-hook. And truly no more thoroughly descriptive name could have been given. The reaping-hook is there still in the shape of the narrow rim of land—the *aktê*, so unlike the solid Attic and Argolic peninsulas which shared the name—which fences in the haven of modern Messina as of ancient *Zanklê*. It is the distinguishing feature of the place, the natural breakwater whose presence has enabled the city under all changes to keep up its character as a haven of the sea. None of the successive masters of Sicily could afford to neglect such a position as this. By virtue of it the city on the strait has ever remained one of the chief cities of the island; for a long time past it has been the second among them, not without some half-remembered claim to be the first. Thoroughly to take in the position of the harbour and its guard, this natural gift which made *Zanklê* *Zanklê*, the traveller should climb one of the hills which in truth he cannot go very far from the sea-shore without beginning to climb. Messina does not sit, like Palermo, in the midst of a rich *campagna* fenced in by mountains. No one could ever, in gazing on Messina, have thought of that picturesque title of the rival city, the Golden Shell. The hills at Messina are lower, but they come nearer to the shore; they fix the position of the city itself, whose streets climb up their sides, whose monasteries and fortresses crown their heights. We look down on the city, the strait, the

continent which draws so near, on the city beyond the strait whose name preserves the belief that island and continent once were one. *Rhégion*, *Reggio*, the place of bursting asunder, keeps up the memory of the primæval earthquake without which there could hardly have been a kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Accepting this primitive geology, we may be allowed to look on the *Zanklon*, the sickle-shaped spit of sand to which Zanklê owed its name and its greatness as a relic of the neck of land which once joined the great peninsula and the great island of the Mediterranean.

The Sikel name of the city naturally suggests the thought that the pre-Hellenic inhabitants had not neglected so favourable a site. We may be sure that the first Greek settlers at this point did not find an uninhabited land, but a fortress, perhaps a city, of the Sikels. When we remember that these Sikels can hardly fail to have been near kinsfolk of the Latins, and therefore of the Romans, we must beware of undervaluing their probable advance either political or military. This however is mere conjecture. The Zanklê of history has nothing Sikel about it but its name. We know it only as a Greek and a Chalkidic colony. It matters little to its later history whether it was founded directly from Chalkis in Eubœia, from the Italian Kymê, or from its own neighbour Naxos. In any case, this most important point in the island was held by an Ionian city which, before the end of the seventh century B.C., when the history of Greece is just struggling into something like chronological order, when the history of Rome is still purely fabulous, was already great enough to send out colonies of its own. Among them was the famous settlement of Himera, the one Greek city on the long barbarian northern coast of Sicily, the scene alike of the great victory of the Greek over the Phœnician and of the great vengeance dealt by the Phœnician on the Greek. And we may perhaps catch a glimpse

of the political condition of Zanklê while it still was Zanklê. Herodotus, who does not use words at random, brands the rulers of Gela and Rhégion with the name of *tyrant*, while he gives to Skythês of Zanklê the honourable title of *king*. It is certain that at no time was the line between king and tyrant so strictly drawn in the colonial cities as it was in old Greece. The rulers of Syracuse were evidently well pleased to be called kings by any one who, like Pindar, did not scruple to give them the title. In Cyprus it is clear that Evagoras and other Greek rulers were really no tyrants, but lawful hereditary princes. As the old heroic monarchy lived on in the border states of Greece long after it had died out in Greece itself, so it seems also to have lived on in some of the colonies. We may assume therefore that princely government had never died out in Zanklê, any more than it did in the Cyprian Salamis. Otherwise it is hardly credible that Herodotus should have so carefully distinguished King Skythês from the tyrants Hippokratês and Anaxilaos.

It is singular, and yet perhaps in Sicily it is not inappropriate, that the two main events in the ancient history of the city should be revolutions which read like doubles of one another. Twice has the city received, and that through the foulest treachery, new inhabitants and a new name. If Skythês was a lawful prince of an ancient stock, he was the last of that stock who reigned in Zanklê. Samian exiles, flying from the advance of the Persian, accepted the invitation of the men of Zanklê to join them in founding a new colony on the northern shore of Sicily. The Samians, stirred up, from whatever cause, by the tyrant of Rhégion, took the opportunity of the absence of the Zanklaian army before a Sikel fortress, to seize on Zanklê for themselves. This is an instance of what, in the Italian phrase borrowed by Lord Macaulay, was called a single treason. By a single treason too Hippokratês of

Gela, when the homeless Zanklaians craved his help as their ally, handed them over to the Samians who had usurped their dwellings. He even, the story runs, from what motive it is not very clear, exhorted the Samians, but exhorted them in vain, to slaughter as well as to rob and enslave these unfortunates. But it was surely a double treason when Anaxilaos turned upon the Samian inhabitants of Zanklê, as he had before set upon the original Zanklaians, and displaced them in favour of a company of colonists of mixed and uncertain origin, over whom he might himself claim the honours of a founder. Among them there seem to have been a certain proportion of Messenians from Peloponnesos, refugees seeking shelter after their vain revolt against their Spartan masters. Anaxilaos himself seems also to have had some family connexion with the Messenian land. The coincidence suggested a name for the colony, if the old name was to pass away. Zanklê therefore became, as it has since remained, Messana, Messênê, Messina, the first city, though not the first land, to bear the Messenian name.

This is an ugly story of the doings of Greeks towards fellow-Greeks; and it is pleasant to remember that King Skythês at least found better treatment among barbarians, and died in safety under the protection of the Persian king. But we dwell on this familiar tale of Herodotus mainly because, as we have hinted, the same drama was so closely played over again two hundred years later. It was not however in the same Messênê that the second tragedy was acted. Amid the Punic wars of Dionysios, Messênê was, if our accounts are true, as utterly overthrown, as utterly swept away, by Himilkôn and his host as Akragas had been a little earlier. Diodôros uses all his power of words to tell us how thoroughly the work of destruction was done.¹ And, as far as we

are concerned, it was done thoroughly. We have no tombs or temples of Zanklê to set against the tombs and temples of old Akragas. Yet Messênê rose again, and a hundred years later its wealth and beauty tempted the Campanian mercenaries of Agathoklês to repeat the deed of the Samians, to seize the city as their own, and, what the Samians had refused to do, to massacre all its male inhabitants. These new settlers were the Mamertines, the sons of Mamers, and Messênê, once Zanklê, was now *Mamertina civitas*. But this third name never took root. But the Mamertines, though not their name, flourished for a while. They brought the Romans into Sicily, no small event, as its consequences showed, in the history of the world. That Rome and Carthage must, in any case, have met sooner or later as enemies needs no proof. A day must have come when the Mediterranean world could no longer have held both of them. And Sicily, the natural bridge between Italy and Africa, provided the most obvious apple of discord between the Italian and the African commonwealth. But events which must happen at some time or on some occasion do happen at some particular time and on some particular occasion. And the particular occasion which did bring Rome and Sicily together as enemies arose out of the affairs of the Mamertines of Messana. The city on which we gaze from the height of fortress or convent stands as the path by which the lords of the land beyond the strait first entered the island which lay so near to their dominions. The long Punic wars, the career of Hannibal and of Scipio, the provincial system of Rome, the fall of Carthage and her second life, all followed as direct cause and effect from the day when the

στρατιώταις καταβαλεῖν τὰς οἰκίας εἰς ἔδαφος, καὶ μὴτε κέραμον μὴθ' ἔλην μὴτ' ἄλλο μὴδὲν ὑπολιπεῖν, ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν κατακαῦσαι τὰ δὲ συντρίβειν. ταχὺ δὲ τῇ τῶν στρατιωτῶν πολυχρηρία λαβόντων τῶν ἔργων συντέλειαν, ἡ πόλις ἀγνωστος ἦν ὑποπρότερον αὐτὴν οἰκίσσας συνέβαινεν.

¹ Diodorus, xiv. 58. Ἰμῶλκων δὲ τῆς Μεσσηνίας τὰ τεῖχη κατασκήψαι πρότερον τοῖς

children of Mamers by the Tiber came to help the children of Mamers by the Messenian strait. The strife between Aryan and Semitic man was to go on, it was to go on on Sicilian soil and in Sicilian waters. But the championship was now to pass from the hands of local commonwealths and tyrants into the hands of the city whose mission was to rule the nations. Messana was saved from a second overthrow at Carthaginian hands, first to become the free ally of Rome, and then to become a part of Rome herself, endowed with her own citizenship. She was to live on, as one of the endless cities of the Roman dominion, till a day came when Rome herself was no longer Roman. Then it was in her haven, sheltered by her *Zanklon*, that the ships of Belisarius gathered when he sailed to win back Naples and Rome, as well as Panormos and Messana, to the Empire. Meanwhile Carthage was swept from the earth by Roman hands as utterly as Messênê had been by Punic hands. She was to rise again as a Roman city, second among Roman cities only to Rome herself; she was to be the Carthage of Christian bishops and Teutonic kings, the Carthage which Belisarius won back for the rule of Rome, the Carthage whence Heraclius went forth to save Christendom from the Persian and the Avar, and whither he dreamed for a moment of translating the Imperial throne. Then came the second strife, when again the old foes met under the banners of new creeds. The Roman had now taken the place of the Greek, and the Saracen had taken the place of the Phœnician. Carthage, no longer Semitic and Baalite, but Roman and Christian, bore up for years against the new Semitic invasion, and when she fell, she fell utterly. Her memory is preserved only in the name of her own Spanish colony and of Spanish cities which bear her name beyond the western Ocean. So the Peloponnesian Messênê has perished, while the Sicilian Messênê still flourishes. While Roman Carthage was swept away by the Saracen invader, Roman Messana

lived on for two hundred years under his yoke, till the Norman deliverer again gave her a place and a name among European and Christian cities.

Thus, looking at the city which Rome saved from Carthage, our thoughts wander on to Carthage herself. And when our thoughts have thus reached the great enemy of Messana, we cannot but think for a moment how narrow the view is which parts history by an arbitrary line, and which forgets that the city of Himilkôn and Hannibal rose to a new life as the city of Cyprian, Genserik, and Heraclius. And as we come back in thought to the spot on which we are standing, we feel a lack that so little is left below us of the city for which Rome and Carthage strove. We see somewhat of the city which the first Roger won before he won Palermo; we see more of the city which the Bourbon bombarded in our own days. But save the imperishable harbour, save the still abiding *Zanklon*, we have little to remind us of the days when that haven was crowded by the fleets of Himilkôn and of Belisarius. We see as little to remind us that for more than two hundred years Messana became a city of Islam; it is hardly reasonable to ask that there should be any memorials of the first recovery of the city from its misbelieving masters. It was not without Norman help, so the Norman historians are careful to tell us, that George Maniakês won back Messana for a moment to the allegiance of the Eastern Caesar. And Englishmen may feel themselves to have a deeper interest in the exploits of the Byzantine hero, if we hold that our own Norwegian invader, Harold Hardrada who fell at Stamfordbridge, led on his Warangians to the deliverance of the once Christian city from the Saracen.¹ But the memory of Maniakês has found its most abiding

¹ See Norman Conquest, ii. 77. Amari, *Storia dei Musulmani in Sicilia*, ii. 385-6. In George Kedrênos (ii. 520) the African allies of the Sicilian Mussulmans become *Καρχηδόνιοι*.

home at Syracuse; let us wait and meet him there in his own castle; here at Messina he is but a secondary figure in our survey; we are rather tempted to hasten on to the days when the Norman came to conquer more lastingly on his own account. There were difficulties in the way; the poet of the enterprise grows eloquent on the dangers of the strait, narrow as it was—

"Dux ibi militibus sumpti ratibusque paratis,
Transvehitur Siculum multis comitantibus
aequor;

Quod licet angustum licet est grave præ-
tereundum.

Scylla Caribdis ibi diversa pericula præbent;
Una rotat naves, illidit et altera saxa."¹

William of Apulia could not bring himself to leave out Skylla and Charybdis, though we may suspect that they did as little damage to the fleet of Count Roger as they commonly do now to a modern steamer. In the prose of Geoffrey of Malaterra, Skylla and Charybdis seem much less dangerous than the valiant Saracen defenders of the city. But Messina was won, a great and rich prize under Saracen rule, as it remained under Norman rule for its next besiegers. Of the Norman at least we cannot say that he has failed to leave either his memory or his works behind him. The metropolitan church, disfigured as it is, still abides a witness of the zeal of the conquering Christian, of the art of the conquered Saracen. And, though Messina is poor, as compared with several other Sicilian cities, in the remains of mediæval art, yet up and down her streets not a few fragments,

both ecclesiastical and domestic, of the date both of the Norman and the later dynasties are easily found scattered.

First of them all, comes the great metropolitan church which after the careful efforts of many ages to wipe out its main historical and artistic features, still keeps no small remains of the great fabric with which Count Roger sought to adorn and sanctify the city which he had won from the infidel. And, if the church of Messina has to deplore the destroying rage of the barbarians of the seventeenth century, it may at least rejoice that their work of destruction was not carried so far as the work of the barbarians of the next century at Palermo. Count Roger, like the Norman princes who followed his example, built his church in the style of the conquered Saracen, the style which we see in its perfection at Monreale and in the royal chapel at Palermo. The columns, whether taken from ancient buildings or wrought in imitation of them, keep classical or at the most Byzantine forms, while the arches which they support are pointed. It must always be borne in mind that this pointed style of Sicily has nothing whatever to do with the pointed architecture of the North, except so far as this last may well have taken ideas from Saracenic buildings in Sicily as well as from buildings in the further east. The pointed arch, as used in this style, is no sign of even approaching Gothic. These buildings are in no sense Transitional; they form a style of their own which, as wrought by Saracen artists for Christian princes, can be called by no name so fit as that of Christian Saracenic. Of this style the great church of Our Lady at Messina must have been one of the grandest examples. Two noble ranges of columns divide the nave from its aisles, and, what is not the case either at Monreale or at Palermo, the series is continued round the west end, so as to make a western gallery, as in many of the great churches of Germany. The capitals are a study of various classical and quasi-classical types; but

¹ Will. App. lib. iii. Muratori, v. 265. Let no one put any faith in the *Brevi Historia Liberationis Messanae* in Muratori, vi. 614. Its speech, as Amari (iii. 58) says betrays it for a late forgery. Certainly it would have needed a wonderful measure of learning and pedantry for an eleventh century man to have fished up and used the name of *Mamertina civitas*. The "nobiles Mamertini" too seem as out of place as the name of their city; and the city has already arms to blazon in heraldic language, "aurea crux in rubeo campo depicta."

it is hardly possible that the columns can have come from any one building. They are however commonly said to have come from the temple of Poseidôn at the Pharos. These columns of course supported pointed arches; and, by going into the aisles, we may see that the pointed arches are there still. But they displeased the taste of the enlightened times which boasted a Charles the Second of Spain as well as of England, and in 1682 round arches of the received classical kind were made to disguise the Saracenic work of Count Roger. Perhaps we should be safer if in this part of the church we say "King" Roger, for, though Count Roger began the building in 1098, he would hardly have got very far into the nave at the time of his death in 1101. But the Count, the first conqueror, must at least have begun the three great apses which form the finish of the church at the east end. Outside they have now a strange effect, as the two side apses have in very modern times been carried up in the form of round towers. Inside the apses derive their chief interest from a splendid series of mosaics, of a date a good deal later than either Roger. But they are rich in their teaching of later Sicilian history, and they specially bring home to us one of the deliverers of Sicily whose name must not be forgotten among the more famous names before and after him. In the great apse, kneeling humbly before the colossal form and its attendants, is wrought, in a style suggesting an earlier date than his, the figure of Frederick of Aragon, the king who confirmed the freedom which the Vespers won, and made Sicily independent of the French lords of the mainland. If his successors on his throne were of such small account that it is hard to remember their names and order, he can hardly be blamed for that. At all events we may here make the acquaintance of some of them, as they kneel in the imperishable mosaic. Frederick himself in the main group is attended by his son and successor,

Peter the Second, and by another son, Guidotto, Archbishop of Messina. In the northern apse, among a crowd of saints, we see Frederick's queen Elizabeth; in the southern his son King Lewis is marked by a Latin inscription, while the saints before whom he kneels are still—in the fourteenth century—labelled in Greek. We feel as it were admitted in the presence-chamber of later Sicilian royalty, and we are, in a yet more literal sense, admitted into the presence of an earlier and a later king. Two kings and a queen are there, not in tombs beneath the ground, but lifted high in air like our own ancient kings at Winchester. On one side of the great apse is the coffin, sarcophagus, or whatever we are to call it, of the last Conrad, king alike of Germany and of Sicily, but whose personal being we are apt to forget between his father Frederick and his brother Manfred. On the other side is a prince of more renown, Alfonso the Magnanimous, a name which stands out in the Italian history of the fifteenth century, and whom we remember here as the one king who, before both Sicilies were swallowed up under Spanish dominion, wore both the Sicilian crowns along with that of Aragon. Further east we see, exalted in the like fashion, the last resting-place of a queen whom we must trust to our guide-books or our note-books to keep in our remembrance. Unless we contemplate any special searchings into Sicilian history after the second Frederick is gone, we cannot undertake to carry in our minds the memory of Antonia, the wife of Frederick the Third.¹

¹ As so many of the kings of Sicily were also kings of some other kingdom there is often a certain confusion as to their numbers. Charles the Second of Spain is strictly Charles the Third of Sicily; but he is not reckoned as such, because insular patriotism refuses to count Charles of Anjou. The Emperor Frederick the Second is in Sicily Frederick the First, and the Aragonese deliverer is Frederick the Second. But both in Sicily and in the Empire there is the same kind of difference between Frederick the Second and Frederick the Third.

It is then in the interior of the metropolitan church that the chief points of real historical interest are to be seen. Perhaps there would have been more of them, both inside and out, but for a fire which happened at a funeral of King Conrad, and which is said to have destroyed a considerable part of the church. But the church still keeps the impress of the original design, and there are some parts of later date which are worth studying. Perhaps no one will strictly approve as a matter of taste, and yet it is impossible that any one should fail to examine as a matter of curiosity, the singular decorations of the three doorways of the west front and the sculptures which connect them. The wildest exuberance of fancy seems here to have had its fullest play. There are to be sure some subjects distinctly sacred, and ecclesiastical ingenuity will find little difficulty in attaching symbolical meanings to the sculptures which represent ploughing and the gathering in of the crops of the vine and the olive. But the little angels or little cupids, whichever they may be—for the mythologies of the *Renaissance* period are not always easy to be distinguished—climbing up the branches of trees and catching birds and small monkeys, are pretty enough in their way, but it is hard to understand how they can ever have tended to edification. But we need not greatly concern ourselves with them; they belong to the days when the glories of Sicily had passed away. We would gladly exchange any amount of mere prettiness for even a fragment which would give us a hint as to what was the look of the original front of the church when Roger the King bought to perfection what Roger the Count had begun.

At no great distance from the mother church we may find a fragment which, without exactly satisfying our curiosity on this head, certainly helps further to awaken it. This is the church called the *Annunziata de' Catalani*, a small building which, like the metropo-

litan church, stands in the ancient part of the town, and which may well enough mark, as tradition says that it marks, the site of a temple of Poseidôn. Here in one street we find the east end, in another the west, of a small church which, outside at least, comes nearer to the Northern Romanesque than is usual in Sicily. It is a cross church, with a nave, a cupola, and a single apse beyond it. In one street we see the apse with plain round arcades, quite unlike anything at Palermo or Monreale, but which might have stood in Germany, in Normandy, or even in England, if it were not for the cupola which peeps over it. Of the west end the upper part is disfigured, but the three doorways remain. The two side ones, with their square heads and *tympans* above them, have a North-Italian rather than either a Sicilian or a strictly Northern look. But the central one, on the one hand, has no *tympanium*, while in the supports of its round arch it reminds us where we are. One of the two orders of the arch has quasi-classical shafts and capitals; the other rests on square supports which strike us as not being in their places, and which bear Arabic inscriptions. The sight of the Eastern letters at once reminds us of our whereabouts, and Arabic scholars tell us that the inscriptions contain verses in which King Roger invites the great men of his court to enter the earthly Paradise of his palace. Here we are carried back to the Saracenic wonders of Palermo. Nowhere out of Sicily would a Christian King, above all a Legate of the Holy See, address his courtiers in the tongue of the Koran.

The interior of this interesting little church has been sadly modernized in the usual fashion; but the columns and their quasi-classical capitals have been spared. Close by the west front, as if in contrast, is a gateway with a flat arch in the latest Sicilian style. Many other remains of various dates will be found both in churches and houses, especially in the street which bears the name of the *Street of Monasteries*.

And, whether we admire or not, it is impossible not to observe the church of Saint Gregory with its strange spire, overlooking the city from its lofty height. The church is said to stand on the site of a temple of Jupiter—more likely a Mamertine Jupiter than a Zanklaian Zeus—and the view from the front is splendid. But more might have been hoped from a little church called *La Cattolica*, where an inscription describes it as the mother of all the Greek churches. This of course means only the *United Greeks*, the Greek, or more strictly Albanian, colonists who have at various times sought shelter in Sicily from Turkish bondage. In their Western home they have been brought to that half-way house between East and West in which beards, wives, and a national ritual are allowed, but the supremacy of the Roman Bishop is acknowledged. The church has been horribly modernized and neglected; but it is easy to see that it originally followed Byzantine models. But this and the other churches and buildings of Messina are all quite secondary to the metropolitan church and the church of the Catalans. It is round them that the architectural history of the city as it now stands gathers.

The Norman then, and the feebler successors of the Norman, have left their mark deeply impressed on Messina, while its general aspect is that of a city of modern days. We wish, as we gaze, for some relics of the days before the Norman came, and we could wish for something to remind us of several points in the history of Messina later than the coming of the Norman. The English mind seems just now greatly stirred at the thought that the Poitevin Count who was also, as a kind of accident, King of England, and who paid two short visits to England to take her crown and her money, showed himself in Cyprus as a freebooter of a somewhat more open kind than he had shown himself in his own kingdom. Now that everybody who never heard of Cyprus before is writing to the

papers to enlarge on the history of that island, it may be as well to remind those who are curious in his adventures that the Lion-hearted King appeared at Messina and at Ragusa as well as at Cyprus. At Ragusa—not the obscure Ragusa in Sicily, but the true city of rocks and argosies—Richard came with no means of doing harm, and history or tradition attributes to him a certain amount of good. We should be well pleased if we could attribute to him any such work at Messina as the ruined basilica on the island of La Croma, which is most likely the memorial of his passage through the Adriatic lands. But though King Richard quarrelled with everybody, though he took Messina in a shorter time than a priest would take to say mattins,¹ and though he built himself the castle of *Mattegriffon*, that is, "*Stop-Griffon*"² or "*Greek*," and wintered there in great splendour, we see no more signs of him now than we see of Skythês or Himilkôn. We read the tale, and the momentary squabble with the French and English kings sounds like a warning of the far more fearful blow which Sicily was to feel from the other King of the North, the Swabian claimant of her crown who was almost already on his march. Ages rolled on, and Messina, which had once seen cru-

¹ So says the author of the *Itinerarium Regis Ricardi*, ii. 16 (vol. i. p. 163, Stubbs): "*Quid plura? Rex Ricardus uno impetu citius jure belli occupaverat Messanam, quam quilibet presbyter cantasset matutinas.*" Was the priest supposed to get through his task as quickly as Roger, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury and Justiciar, on the famous day which made his fortunes? "*Sacerdos petitione suscepta, ad incipiendum promptus et ad finendum succinctus, in utroque militibus sic placuit, ut dicerent tam aptum militibus reperiri non posse capellanum . . . factusque illi et ejus militibus capellanus ad libitum, caecus praecebat caecis ducatum.*"—*Guill. Neub.* i. 6.

² *Griffon*, it should be remembered, was the usual crusading name for the Greeks, both in French and in Latin which did not affect any special elegance. It is an odd corruption, but it can hardly be other than a corruption. Visitors to Palermo will remember *Monte Griffone*.

saders set forth on an errand in which they could not win Jerusalem from the Turk but could win Cyprus from its own people, saw the return of other crusaders from warfare in which they could indeed overthrow the Turk's navy but could not save Cyprus from his clutches. It was from Messina that the navy of Christendom set forth to do its work at Lepanto, and it was to Messina that Don John of Austria came back in triumph with the spoils of the vanquished Paynim. His statue still remains, though moved from its place; but the *Strada d'Austria* called after him has, by the usual folly, been changed into *Via Primo Settembre*. It is strange that one piece of history cannot be commemorated without the memory of another piece of history being wiped out. In this particular use at least the word *Austria* could hardly be looked on as a symbol of bondage. And, if the *Strada d'Austria* has changed its name, the *Porta Imperiale*, which once preserved the memory of Don John's father, of Sicily's first Austrian Emperor-King, has vanished altogether.

Yet it was not till after several generations of Austrian or Spanish Kings had worn the Sicilian crown that Messina wholly lost the character of a free commonwealth. As she saw crusading fleets enter her haven in two characters, so she saw the fleets of France enter her haven in two characters. She beat back the navy of

Charles of Anjou till the deliverer from Aragon came to her help; she welcomed the navy which Lewis the Great sent for her deliverance from her Spanish master. But for a free state to lean on a despot has ever been to lean on a broken reed. Messina, hitherto rich and great in her local independence, now paid the penalty of having dreamed of casting out one tyrant by another's help. Forsaken by her French helpers, forgotten, as those who struggle for independence commonly are forgotten, in the counsels of Europe, Messina lost her place; her privileges were swept away, and where the well-nigh free city could number 120,000 citizens, the King could presently number only 15,000 subjects.

To struggles like these, to later and happier struggles of our own day, to earthquakes also and pestilences, is it owing that the Messina of our day, though containing much that is of respectable antiquity, has the general look of a modern city. We are now on the turning-point of the island, the point at which we begin to think less of mediæval kings and counts, and more of the tyrants and commonwealths of Hellenic days. We pass on from the strait to the open sea, the sea that looks towards Hellas. And, at our first stopping-place, we may be tempted to forget the names which are great at Palermo and even at Messina, as we stand on the spot where the Hellenic history of Sicily begins.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

LOVE IN THE VALLEY.

UNDER yonder beech-tree single on the greensward,
 Couched with her arms behind her golden head,
 Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly,
 Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.
 Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath her,
 Press her parting lips as her waist I gather slow,
 Waking in amazement she could not but embrace me:
 Then would she hold me and never let me go!

* * *

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow,
 Swift as the swallow along the river's light
 Circleting the surface to meet his mirrored winglets,
 Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her flight.
 Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the pine-tops,
 Wayward as the swallow overhead at set of sun,
 She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
 Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won!

* * *

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
 Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
 Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
 More love should I have, and much less care.
 When her mother tends her before the lighted mirror,
 Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
 Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
 I should miss but one for many boys and girls.

Heartless she is as the shadow in the meadows,
 Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy noon.
 No, she is athirst and drinking up her wonder :
 Earth to her is young as the slip of the new moon.
 Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid measure,
 Even as in a dance; and her smile can heal no less :
 Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts the flowers with hailstones
 Off a sunny border, she was made to bruise and bless.

* * *

Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
 Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star.
 Lone on the fir-branch his rattle-note unvaried,
 Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown eve-jar.
 Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting :
 So were it with me if forgetting could be willed.
 Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling well-spring,
 Tell it to forget the source that keeps it filled.

* * *

Stepping down the hill with her fair companions,
 Arm in arm, all against the raying West,
 Boldly she sings, to the merry tune she marches;
 Brave in her shape, and sweeter unpossessed.
 Sweeter, for she is what my heart first awaking
 Whispered the world was; morning light is she.
 Love that so desires would fain keep her changeless;
 Fain would fling the net, and fain have her free.

* * *

Happy happy time, when the white star hovers
 Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,
 Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness,
 Threading it with colour, like yewberries the yew.
 Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East deepens
 Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells.
 Maiden still the morn is; and strange she is, and secret;
 Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as cold sea-shells.

Sunrays, leaning on our southern hills and lighting
Wild cloud-mountains that drag the hills along,
Oft ends the day of your shifting brilliant laughter
Chill as a dull face frowning on a song.
Ay, but shows the South-West a ripple-feathered bosom
Blown to silver while the clouds are shaken and ascend
Scaling the mid-heavens as they stream, there comes a sunset
Rich, deep like love in beauty without end.

* * *

When at dawn she sighs, and like an infant to the window
Turns grave eyes craving light, released from dreams,
Beautiful she looks, like a white water-lily
Bursting out of bud in havens of the streams.
When from bed she rises clothed from neck to ankle
In her long nightgown sweet as boughs of May,
Beautiful she looks, like a tall garden lily
Pure from the night, and splendid for the day.

* * *

Mother of the dews, dark eye-lashed twilight,
Low-lidded twilight, o'er the valley's brim,
Rounding on thy breast sings the dew-delighted skylark,
Clear as though the dewdrops had their voice in him.
Hidden where rose-flush drinks the rayless planet,
Fountain-full he pours the spraying fountain-showers.
Let me hear her laughter, I would have her ever
Cool as dew in twilight, the lark above the flowers.

* * *

All the girls are out with their baskets for the primrose;
Up lanes, woods through, they troop in joyful bands.
My sweet leads: she knows not why, but now she loiters,
Eyes the bent anemones, and hangs her hands,
Such a look will tell that the violets are peeping,
Coming the rose: and unaware a cry
Springs in her bosom for odours and for colour,
Covert and the nightingale; she knows not why.

Kerchiefed head and chin she darts between her tulips,
 Streaming like a willow gray in arrowy rain :
 Some bend beaten cheek to gravel, and their angel
 She will be ; she lifts them, and on she speeds again
 Black the driving raincloud breasts the iron gateway :
 She is forth to cheer a neighbour lacking mirth.
 So when sky and grass met rolling dumb for thunder
 Saw I once a white dove, sole light of earth.

* * *

Prim little scholars are the flowers of her garden,
 Trained to stand in rows, and asking if they please.
 I might love them well but for loving more the wild ones :
 O my wild ones ! they tell me more than these.
 You, my wild one, you tell of honied field-rose,
 Violet, blushing eglantine in life ; and even as they,
 They by the wayside are earnest of your goodness,
 You are of life's, on the banks that line the way.

* * *

Peering at her chamber the white crowns the red rose,
 Jasmine winds the porch with stars two and three.
 Parted is the window ; she sleeps ; the starry jasmine
 Breathes a falling breath that carries thoughts of me.
 Sweeter unpossessed, have I said of her my sweetest ?
 Not while she sleeps : while she sleeps the jasmine breathes,
 Luring her to love ; she sleeps ; the starry jasmine
 Bears me to her pillow under white rose-wreaths.

* * *

Yellow with birdfoot-trefoil are the grass-glades ;
 Yellow with cinquefoil of the dew-gray leaf ;
 Yellow with stonecrop ; the moss-mounds are yellow ;
 Blue-necked the wheat aways, yellowing to the sheaf :
 Green-yellow bursts from the copse the laughing yaffle ;
 Sharp as a sickle is the edge of shade and shine :
 Earth in her heart laughs looking at the heavens,
 Thinking of the harvest : I look and think of mine.

This I may know : her dressing and undressing
Such a change of light shows as when the skies in sport
Shift from cloud to moonlight ; or edging over thunder
Slips a ray of sun ; or sweeping into port
White sails furl ; or on the ocean borders
White sails lean along the waves leaping green.
Visions of her shower before me, but from eyesight
Guarded she would be like the sun were she seen.

* * *

Front door and back of the mossed old farmhouse
Open with the morn, and in a breezy link
Freshly sparkles garden to stripe-shadowed orchard,
Green across a rill where on sand the minnows wink.
Busy in the grass the early sun of summer
Swarms, and the blackbird's mellow fluting notes
Call my darling up with round and roguish challenge :
Quaintest, richest carol of all the singing throats !

* * *

Cool was the woodside ; cool as her white dairy
Keeping sweet the cream-pan ; and there the boys from school,
Cricketing below, rushed brown and red with sunshine ;
O the dark translucence of the deep-eyed cool !
Spying from the farm, herself she fetched a pitcher
Full of milk, and tilted for each in turn the beak.
Then a little fellow, mouth up and on tiptoe,
Said, ' I will kiss you : ' she laughed and leaned her cheek.

* * *

Doves of the firwood walling high our red roof
Through the long noon coo, crooning through the coo.
Loose droop the leaves, and down the sleepy roadway
Sometimes pipes a chaffinch ; loose droops the blue.
Cows flap a slow tail knee-deep in the river,
Breathless, given up to sun and gnat and fly.
Nowhere is she seen ; and if I see her nowhere,
Lightning may come, straight rains and tiger sky.

O the golden sheaf, the rustling treasure-armful!
 O the nutbrown tresses nodding interlaced!
 O the treasure-tresses one another over
 Nodding! O the girdle slack about the waist!
 Slain are the poppies that shot their random scarlet
 Quick amid the wheatears: wound about the waist,
 Gathered, see these brides of earth one blush of ripeness!
 O the nutbrown tresses nodding interlaced!

* * *

Large and smoky red the sun's cold disk drops,
 Clipped by naked hills, on violet-shaded snow:
 Eastward large and still lights up a bower of moonrise,
 Whence at her leisure steps the moon aglow.
 Nightlong on black print-branches our beech-tree
 Gazes in this whiteness: nightlong could I.
 Here may life on death or death on life be painted.
 Let me clasp her soul to know she cannot die!

* * *

Gossips count her faults; they scour a narrow chamber
 Where there is no window, read not heaven or her.
 'When she was a tiny,' one aged woman quavers,
 Plucks at my heart and leads me by the ear.
 Faults she had once as she learnt to run and tumbled:
 Faults of feature some see, beauty not complete.
 Yet, good gossips, beauty that makes holy
 Earth and air, may have faults from head to feet.

* * *

Hither she comes; she comes to me; she lingers,
 Deepens her brown eyebrows, while in new surprise
 High rise the lashes in wonder of a stranger;
 Yet am I the light and living of her eyes.
 Something friends have told her fills her heart to brimming,
 Nets her in her blushes, and wounds her, and tames.—
 Sure of her haven, O like a dove alighting,
 Arms up, she dropped: our souls were in our names.

Soon will she lie like a white-frost sunrise.

Yellow oats and brown wheat, barley pale as rye,
Long since your sheaves have yielded to the thresher,

Felt the girdle loosened, seen the tresses fly.

Soon will she lie like a blood-red sunset.

Swift with the to-morrow, green-winged Spring!

Sing from the South-West, bring her back the truants,

Nightingale and swallow, song and dipping wing.

* * *

Soft new beech-leaves, up to beamy April

Spreading bough on bough a primrose mountain, you,
Lucid in the moon, raise lilies to the skyfields,

Youngest green transfused in silver shining through:
Fairer than the lily, than the wild white cherry:

Fair as in image my seraph love appears

Borne to me by dreams when dawn is at my eyelids:

Fair as in the flesh she swims to me on tears.

* * *

Could I find a place to be alone with heaven,

I would speak my heart out: heaven is my need.

Every woodland tree is flushing like the dogwood,

Flashing like the whitebeam, swaying like the reed.

Flushing like the dogwood crimson in October;

Streaming like the flag-reed South-West blown;

Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted whitebeam:

All seem to know what is for heaven alone.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

COMPULSORY OR VOLUNTARY SERVICE.

THE recent calling up of the Army and Militia Reserves, the success which attended the measure, and the doubts to which subsequent discontents have given rise, induce me to revert to some statistics which I gathered about three years since, having relation to the great question with which the establishment of a Reserve is so intimately connected—namely, the comparative advantage or disadvantage of voluntary as contrasted with compulsory service, and the comparative cost of the two measures.

If I reasoned as a mere soldier, I should naturally vote for conscription. Conscription relieves me from all primary embarrassment. There is no difficulty about recruiting; not only the quantity, but the quality, of the raw material can be effectually controlled, and the only question when dismissing men to the Reserve is—how many am I required to call up to replace them.

But such questions must be viewed with other eyes than those of the mere soldier. The thinking British soldier cannot forget that he is a citizen of the freest country in the world, and that there are other considerations worth taking into account besides these of mere military convenience. Not that I am inclined to believe a short term of service in the ranks to be an unmitigated evil. The bad habits of soldiers are not formed in the earlier years of service; while the rough and uncouth element from which, even under compulsory service, the major proportion of recruits is drawn, gains largely by the humanising influence of habits of discipline and order, and by the respect for authority which is inculcated under military training.

This is not, however, the immediate

question which I am at present intent on discussing. I am desirous of sketching a comparison between the two systems prevalent in England, and in those states in which compulsory service in the army is in force, and for the purpose of that comparison I shall take Germany as the typical state from which others, not in every respect much to their advantage, have copied their organisation.

It has been assumed by would-be reformers, who perhaps have not studied the subject either with the impartiality, or with the advantage of long experience both in our own and in the German service which have fallen to my lot, that the expenditure of the English army administration is scandalous and immoral; an opinion which is based chiefly on a comparison of the Prussian (now German) army with our own, very much to the discredit of the latter, both as regards cheapness and efficiency. These reformers think, like a good many of us, that, if the military administration were placed in their hands, they could perform the miracle of producing a cheap as well as efficient army, because this exists in Prussia (now Germany)—further, that they could do this without conscription. Some three years back I gathered some statistics which bear on this subject. I am not a very practised writer, and I shall therefore simply produce the facts which came under my observation. As epilogue I may possibly give utterance to my conclusions.

A very large proportion of the line regiments in Germany are billeted on the inhabitants of the towns in which the regiments are quartered. In 1869 I had the advantage of accompanying the commander of a Prussian army corps to the inspection of a regiment

which had been for 167 years in the same quarters—this *par parenthèse*.

Notwithstanding the allowances made by the Government this is a very heavy tax, and is furthermore very unequal. In the large towns the system is generally disliked. In the smaller towns, on the contrary, the presence of a small body of military, even when attended by the burthen of billeting, appears to be generally desired, more especially where labour is scarce, or (as regards small towns where cavalry or artillery are quartered) where the manure from the stables is valued for agricultural purposes.

Of the loss of labour consequent on the withdrawal of four hundred thousand men from industrial pursuits, and of the cost of billeting beyond the allowances made by the Government it is not possible for me to calculate the value; nor has any statistical information on these points ever fallen in my way. But there was a point on which I gave myself the trouble of acquiring reliable information, the actual aid in money which is furnished by their relations to men serving in the ranks in the Prussian army.

My information was derived from careful inquiry, and from perusal of a return furnished to me at the date to which I refer. This return related to the regiments of the Guards, quartered principally in Berlin and in Potsdam.

The men of the Guards are selected not only for their stature, but also with regard to individual character and respectability, and it may therefore be assumed that a larger proportion of men in good circumstances are allotted to this corps than would be the average throughout the army, a circumstance to which I shall not fail to have regard in my subsequent calculations. The quota of recruits for the year which I have now under view was fifty-seven per company, and I obtained an exact statement of the pecuniary circumstances attending the recruits of one company with, however, the distinct assurance that this might be

accepted (with modification) as a type of the whole army.

The quota of recruits did not include the one year volunteers. It may here be remarked that all recruits are required to join their regiments not only decently clothed, but that they are called on to bring with them good boots or shoes and two shirts, which, moreover, in the cases of men who are unable through poverty to provide themselves, must be furnished by the commune to which they belong.

On joining their company these fifty-seven recruits brought with them in money 184 thaler = 27l. 12s. This money is not allowed to be expended in debauchery but is taken in charge by the company sergeant-major (*Feldwebel*), and is distributed to them by degrees under the direction of the captain.

As the men of the guard are selected from all parts of the empire, excepting those of which the military forces are not under Prussian administration, it may be assumed that the recruits had spent some part of their pocket-money on the road.

I learned that the majority of these received monthly assistance from their friends during the period of their active service, and I obtained a careful return showing me to what this pecuniary assistance extended. Twenty had no allowance from their families, while seven were returned under the head of "little." Of the remainder twelve had one thaler (3s.), seven had two thalers, two had three thalers, one had five thalers, one twenty, two each twenty-five, and one thirty-five thalers as monthly allowance, while a balance of four were returned as doubtful. The monthly allowance from relatives to this batch of recruits thus amounted to 142 thaler. Reckoning the seven who were to receive a little and the four who were doubtful it may be assumed that the pecuniary assistance given to these men did not amount to less than 145 thaler a month, nearly 22l. The annual quota of recruits only represents one-third of

the strength of a company, plus the re-engaged men.

There were at the time I mention, and I am not aware of any subsequent change, 2,846 companies, squadrons, and batteries in the German army. Of these 1,880 were companies of infantry, 465 squadrons of cavalry, 268 batteries of field and horse artillery, 120 companies of garrison artillery (which are weaker than the companies or squadrons), 76 companies of engineers, also weaker, and 37 companies of train, which are the weakest of all. It must also be allowed that the men of the Guards are selected men, and that my informant admitted that his recruits of that year were somewhat above the average in regard to their pecuniary status.

There are, however, regiments of cavalry in which this sum would in all probability be exceeded. I know of more than one regiment in which the annual supply of recruits could very nearly be kept up by voluntary enlistment. I took what I considered to be a fair average throughout the army, for in no other way could I arrive at a tangible result. In doing so, I allowed a certain material superiority to the men of the Guards; that sixty companies of the Guard Corps are stronger than those of the remaining companies of the guard and of the line; but also that many of the cavalry regiments have a very considerable number of well-to-do men in their ranks; as also the regiments which are quartered in the universities or in the large towns. In the 1880 companies and 465 squadrons, I thought myself justified in estimating the allowances to men serving in the ranks at 360 thalers; in the 501 batteries and companies of artillery, engineers, and train, I estimated the monthly allowance at one half, 180 thalers. The sum total amounted to ten millions seven hundred and thirty-one thousand nine hundred and twenty thaler, or 1,609,773*l*.

This does not include the expense to their parents of the one-year volunteers, which may fairly be reckoned

at 500 thaler per man. The lowest estimate of the men of this category is four thousand. This gives an additional sum of two millions of thaler yearly, making a total of twelve millions seven hundred and thirty-one thousand nine hundred and twenty thaler, or 1,909,773*l*.

The men in the ranks are also very liberally supplied by their relations with presents of provisions, very often of clothing. The value of these presents it is not possible to estimate, nor can I form any calculation of the cost of the voluntary assistance rendered to the troops by all classes during the period of the autumn manœuvres. As little am I in a position to put a price on the non-productive labour, or on the difference between the billeting allowances, and the accommodation furnished to the troops. But we have the fact that a sum of nearly 2,000,000*l*, sterling in hard cash is paid in the shape of monthly money allowances by the friends of men serving in the ranks. I may add the remark that I believe my estimate to have been extremely moderate, and very much below the reality.

In the year following that in which I worked out the above conclusion, I was led to the consideration of the larger question of the comparative cheapness of the British and the Prussian military budgets, and as a rider to this whether the apparent cheapness of the latter is not wholly dependent on conscription. I shall shortly detail the points on which I made my comparison, and shall conclude this paper by stating the conclusion at which I arrived.

The expenses of recruiting as shown in the Prussian military budget are simply *nil*. A very large proportion of the labour of recruiting is borne by the civil government, by which also the whole of the registry on which the recruiting is based is conducted.

In the next place there is no desertion under the one system, because the system of general liability to military service (conscription if you choose to

call it so) is backed by a civil organisation which renders desertion within the frontiers almost an impossibility. What is the loss by desertion under the other system? How many double bounties and free kits are swindled from the country? What are the comparative expenses of the two armies for the apprehension of deserters, and for their detention after conviction?

As far as regards the expenses charged to Army estimates for recruiting and for the apprehension of deserters, I refer to the last available estimates of both countries at my disposal, those namely of 1876.

Of the 401,659 men comprising the German armies on the peace establishment, 311,423 were under Prussian administration. The annual quota of recruits for the whole army is about 130,000; the proportion for the troops under Prussian administration as nearly as possible 100,000. No special vote for recruiting was taken in their Army estimates, while that for the apprehension and conveyance of deserters, and of military prisoners while on the march amounted in the year above-mentioned to 445*l.* 10*s.*

Putting aside the question of providing the raw material under the two systems, one based on the general liability to military service and the other on voluntary enlistment, let us now compare the four main outlets of disbursement under the two systems as far as the private soldier is concerned—pay, clothing, feeding, pensioning—and we shall at once see how Prussia, with a far less apparent expenditure, is able to provide an army so far superior in numbers to that for which Great Britain pays annually a much larger sum.

In the Army Estimates for 1875-6 the numbers on the British establishment were 129,281; the pay of the same amounted to 4,181,261*l.*

In the War Budget for 1875-6 the numbers on the Prussian establishment were 311,423, and the charge for regimental pay, not including the

officers of the Engineer Corps, amounted to 79,998,588 mark (three to a thaler), or, in round numbers, 3,999,929*l.* 8*s.* sterling.

The clothing of the army on the British establishment cost 758,102*l.*; that of the Prussian, 18,769,229 mark, or 998,461*l.* 9*s.* sterling.

For the feeding of the British army, not including reserve forces, a sum of 1,354,528*l.* was required. This sum did not include the cost of administration, but was solely for provisions. For the feeding of the Prussian army, also excluding administration, the sum of 37,522,108 mark, or 1,876,105*l.* 8*s.* sterling was required.

The demand for pensions made on the British Parliament amounted to 2,206,256*l.*; that on the Prussian Landtag to 984,220*l.* This does not include the pensions granted to men subsequently to, and in consequence of, the War of 1870-1. These are provided by a funded capital taken from the French indemnity, and do not therefore appear in the War Budget; nor indeed do the ordinary pensions, which are provided by a separate vote.

For the purpose of comparative analysis, I may mention that in Prussia 31,800 out-pensioners received annually 5,442,000 mark, or 272,100*l.* sterling; while the charge for 63,234 out-pensioners on the British establishment amounted to 1,193,600*l.*, distributed in sums varying from 1½*d.* to 3*s.* 10*d.* per diem; the relative proportion being that the Prussian pension-list represents a little over 8*l.* and the British army 19*l.* sterling annually per individual man.

Looking at these figures I feel justified in contending that conscription lends to Prussian organisation that appearance of cheapness which permits a comparison so disadvantageous to our organisation.

Conscription, or, as I prefer to call it, the general liability to military service, in Germany, furnishes at a cost which does not appear in the War Budget a boundless supply of the

best recruiting material which can be imagined, and the civil organisation of the country nullifies desertion, except that *before enlistment*, a drain of the best youth of the country which has for some years excited very serious apprehension.

And now let us look at some details of figures connected with the heads above-mentioned, and let us ask the simple question—If our recruits had as hard and self-denying a life to look to as their Prussian comrades, how many recruits annually should we succeed in enticing to the standards?

We will begin with the daily pay. The Prussian soldier (there is no difference between infantry and cavalry or artillery) has three and a half thaler as monthly pay, exactly 10s. 6d.; therefore, reckoning the month at thirty days, 4½d. per diem. From this he is subject to a daily deduction of one groschen three pfennige, or 1½d., a day, for messing; he has to keep his underclothing in repair, and to find cleaning materials for his arms and accoutrements.

We will now see what becomes of the remainder.

The daily ration consists of one and a half pounds of bread; the remainder of the messing is provided out of the daily deduction of one groschen three pfennige, a standing allowance from Government of three pfennige a day for all stations alike, and a sliding allowance, calculated quarterly, on the market prices of the various garrisons.

The three pfennige, somewhat over a farthing English, are intended for the provision of a breakfast, which consists generally of a cup of coffee or a bowl of meal-soup. The cost of the mid-day meal is defrayed from the surplus of the messing money. The sliding allowance is calculated on the market value of 150 grammes of meat, uncooked; 92 grammes of rice, or 118 grammes of ordinary groats or meal; 733 grammes of peas, beans, or lentils, or 1·7 litre of potatoes, and 8 grammes of salt. As there are 500 grammes to the Prussian pound, it will be seen

that the daily portion of meat contemplated amounts to something under a third of a pound.

No evening meal is provided. The soldier therefore must either stay his appetite between midday of one day and morning of the next with what remains over of his daily bread ration, or expend his remaining pittance of pay on his supper—I should be inclined to infer that he has not much over for tobacco, or for amusement.

The clothing is furnished in the same spirit of careful economy, and *never* becomes the property of the soldier. The period during which the clothing must last is not calculated for the individual benefit of the soldier, but of the government; the grants of money are administered by the captains under the superintendence of the superior regimental officers, and the time of wear is protracted as long as the clothing will hold together.

The system is undoubtedly economical to the government, and encourages thrift in the administrators.

To the comparative rates of pension of the two armies I have already adverted. Under ordinary circumstances the highest rate of pension which can be drawn by a company or squadron serjeant-major (*Wachtmeister* or *Feldwebel*) amounts to fourteen thaler, 42 mark, or 2l. 2s. 0d. monthly. This, after a service of thirty-six years; or, combined with total incapacity for further service, after twenty-five years; or, in consequence of injury received on duty which renders the man totally unable to earn his bread.

There is another factor which we must not leave out of sight. I am not writing for controversy but for information. A very considerable part of the pension for soldiers entitled to pension is furnished by their employment in civil situations. A private soldier holding a civil appointment of the value of 19l. 10s. 0d. yearly is considered as receiving an

equivalent for his pension, which, during the tenure of his appointment is therefore discontinued.

On turning over the notes on which I have framed the first part of this paper, I find that I calculated, certainly without reliable data, the loss to the country caused by the withdrawal of industrial labour, and by the burthens otherwise imposed as a consequence of the general liability to service in Prussia alone, as amounting when added to the actual result which I have obtained above, at something like five millions sterling. This sum does not include the expense of recruiting, so large a portion of which is thrown on the civil estimates, nor the amount of relief afforded to the military estimates by the provision of civil employment for discharged soldiers. How large this is may be judged from the fact that twelve year's service in the ranks (nine of which as non-commissioned officers) entitles the soldier to be inscribed as a candidate for civil employment, and, as we gather from evidence recently given before a Parliamentary Committee by the German Military Attaché in London, there are about 122,000 old soldiers so employed. It must further be remembered that general liability to military service affects all classes. In England, least of all European countries, could you apply this principle to the poor and not to the rich. Considering the nature of our service, the constant change of quarters, the fact that our two principal universities are not garrison towns (nearly all the German towns are, and in these, garrison students, who are liable to service, are allowed to serve their time), the unpopularity which among a certain particular school in England attaches to the profession of arms, the large proportion of young men belonging to the class from whence officers are necessarily taken who are employed in commercial pursuits, considering also that the number of young men employed in our public offices, is infinite-

simally small when compared to those who devote themselves to free pursuits, that there is a large number of wealthy young men who do not see the necessity of adopting any profession whatever, that a third of our whole army serves in India, and a further fraction in the colonies, taking, I say, all these facts into consideration, I think it will be agreed that compulsory service would produce a disturbance of our social relations to which the country would never submit except under the pressure of a misfortune such as fell on Prussia in 1806; and which may God avert!

Further than this, how unequally would the burthen press in this country!

With a population of about forty-two millions, Germany keeps up a peace army of 401,659 men, more than double the strength of ours, inclusive of the Imperial force serving in India. In Germany about 440,000 young men yearly attain the age of liability, and (under the three years' system) about 130,000 are annually called up to the ranks. There are six causes for exemption, besides physical and moral disability, and the lists are weeded until none but the most efficient, the very thews and sinews of the Fatherland, are called up to the ranks.

Take the case of Great Britain and Ireland. Our joint population amounts to thirty-three millions, the requirements of our army to about 180,000 men. The proportion therefore of young men actually required for the ranks would be very much smaller than is the case in Germany. To what scheming, shuffling, favouritism, and jobbing, would this give rise? and with what feeling would the selected few find themselves dragged into a profession which they had not chosen? Why, because I stand 5 ft. 10 in. in height, and have not a defect in my frame, should I be compelled to serve three years under the musket or in the saddle, while my neighbour, who has picked up a cough, or has some other physical defect, is allowed a three years'

start of me in the race of life, which may make the difference of success or failure? Why am I to be mulcted for the benefit of the country, while my neighbour goes scot free? Compulsory military service not only imposes an amount of burthen on the country which is only less felt than a liberal military budget because its channels are for the most part unseen, but it is grossly unfair to individuals, and is one of the greatest hindrances to the material prosperity of an industrial country.

I now draw my conclusions. In doing so, I must not be suspected even of desiring to reflect in any way on the Prussian army, or on the thrifty and economical organisation which pares every cheese down to the very rind, or on what would appear to us as a disregard of the welfare of the individual.

The system arose out of a grave necessity, no less than the total subjection of the Fatherland to that military dictatorship which cursed the beginning of the century, and from which we alone were exempt. The system then inaugurated by Stein and worked out by Scharnhorst has been perfected by the experiences of subsequent years, and, though as a free-thinking Englishman I cannot allow it to be perfection, it is the most admirable, the most perfect military organisation which I have ever studied.

After this exordium, let me draw my conclusions. It is a fact that with our present (as compared with other countries) most liberal provision for the pay, feeding, clothing, and other

material advantages of the soldier while serving, and for his pension on discharge, we cannot get the men in sufficient numbers for our requirement; that the class we attract is inferior both from a physical and a moral point of view; and that the advantages while serving do not suffice to prevent our soldiers from deserting in numbers which bring military administrators to desperation. Does any one think seriously that if the British War Minister could obtain his recruits for nothing, could ensure the impossibility of their evading their engagements by desertion, could compel them to serve on a surplus pay of something like 1½*d.* a day, out of which they would have to provide their evening meal as a sequence to a very moderate meat-dinner, represented by one-third of a pound of uncooked meat daily, while at the conclusion of their service he could transfer their pensions to the budget of some civil department of the State, does any one suppose that he could burthen our country with the present army estimates?

I think not, but I think also that I have not unfairly argued out the conclusions at which I have arrived. I hold that the apparent relative cheapness of the German organisation is due to the system of general liability to military service, in other words, to conscription;—and that conscription, indirectly if not directly, is as costly to the country which adopts it as is the raising an army by voluntary enlistment and all its attendant expenses.

LONDON, August 31, 1878.

"THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT" IN 1720.

A FEW years ago, a literary man of some eminence, since prematurely gone from us, came to a publisher in a state of great excitement. "I have just picked up the most wonderful thing at a bookstall," he said. "Did you ever hear of an African explorer of the name of Singleton? Can you tell me anything about this book of his? It contains the most extraordinary anticipations of the discoveries of Speke, Burton, and Livingstone in Central Africa. Here is a man—Captain Singleton, the name is, there is no date on the book—who professes to have travelled across Africa from Zanzibar to the Gold Coast, and who tells you what he and his party saw on each day's march, what wild beasts they met, how they were treated by the natives, where they halted, and how far they walked at a stretch. They had nothing but a chart and a pocket-compass, and yet they crossed the whole continent. But the extraordinary part of it is that he came across the sources of the Nile, and saw it flowing from a lake exactly as Speke describes. This man really ought to get the credit of the discovery. He must have been there, for he gives the particulars of each day's march in the most minute way, and besides, you see, he has been confirmed. I can't understand how I never heard of him before. I don't think his name has turned up in any of these discussions at the Geographical Society. Can you tell me anything about him? When did he live?" "Captain Singleton! Captain Singleton!" said the publisher; "that is surely the name of the hero of one of Defoe's stories;" and turning to the list of Defoe's works, he found that his memory had not deceived him.

The *Adventures of Captain Singleton*, and his account of the customs and

manners of Central Africa, are the creation of the author of *Robinson Crusoe*; but this pushes the surprise at his anticipations of recent discovery only a step farther back. I must admit for my own part, that till I thought of following the Captain's itinerary on a modern map, I had supposed from his general appearance of accuracy, that our ancestors had information about Central Africa which had somehow been allowed to drop out of knowledge. It is always the case in supposed anticipations of modern discoveries, that the bygone investigator or speculator, has hit upon the most startling feature, the most blazing promontory, in an unexplored country, or unobserved fact, or unthought-of contrivance. He has announced, in short, by some happy intuition, all that the mass of us ever come to know, and we are consequently ready to give him as much credit as the patient discoverer or inventor who has brought certitude or practical value to his random guesses. Captain Singleton appeared to be a worthy predecessor and anticipator of Livingstone and Speke, because at the beginning of the seventeenth century, he narrated how in the interior of Africa, which the mapmakers of the time represented as an unexplored blank, he had seen vast lakes, and a river issuing from one of them which he believed to be the Nile. The one fact in the discoveries of African travellers before Stanley that had laid hold of popular interest was that the Nile had its source in a huge lake, and not, as had previously been the common belief, in the Mountains of the Moon. Captain Singleton was apparently aware of this, and therefore it seemed that his merits as an explorer had been unfairly allowed to die out of the memories of men.

If Captain Singleton is to be judged by leading facts, there is yet another leaf to be added to his laurels. The most striking fact among the results of Mr. Stanley's last journey, is that the river Congo in the most northerly part of its course, stretches above the equator. I must confess that I was fairly overwhelmed by the greatness of the imaginary hero, and disposed to yield the most enthusiastic belief to Defoe's boast that he "had the world at his finger ends," when I came across a passage which seemed to anticipate even this last triumph of discovery. There can be little doubt that whatever was the source of Defoe's information, it was one of his notions of Central African geography that the Congo ran north of the equinoctial line. In their progress across Africa, Captain Singleton's party were diverted from their straight course from east to west by a vast lake, which "held them till they passed the equinoctial line," and when they were rounding this obstruction, and deliberating how to shape their journey for the western coast, their chief geographical authority, after consulting his charts, "advised them that as soon as they had passed this lake they should proceed W.S.W., that is to say, a little inclining to the south, and that in time they would meet with the great river Congo." Nothing could be more explicit. Is it possible that Defoe, with his genius for seizing the most reliable sources of information, had somehow obtained knowledge of the exact lie of the Central African lakes and the great river, as they have been explored by recent enterprise?

A close tracing of the course that Captain Singleton followed across Africa dissipates the idea that Defoe might have had access to the notes of some real seventeenth century traveller. One's first impression is, on finding how truly Defoe conforms to the main lines of Central African geography, that he had obtained possession of the itinerary of some early Portuguese traveller. The Portuguese had

trading settlements on both coasts of Africa, and it is conceivable that enterprising merchants might have made the journey overland from one coast to the other. Defoe knew Portuguese, and was keenly interested in every kind of human enterprise; and there seemed nothing violently improbable in the supposition that he had procured from some Portuguese adventurer, notes of an actual journey, and made them the basis of the adventures of the fictitious Captain Singleton. But intrinsically probable though this supposition may be, it is not borne out by a minute comparison of Singleton's itinerary with what we know of Central Africa from more recent and more accurate travellers. Defoe set forth with inimitable vividness the best knowledge of his time, but it falls considerably short of modern knowledge in point of minute accuracy.

It is impossible, of course, to reproduce in a brief summary the wonderful charm of Defoe's circumstantial narrative. The adventures of Captain Singleton have an imperishable interest apart from their geographical truth. Still, it is worth while to extract the geographical teaching from the other details of the story, merely as an example of the knowledge possessed at the beginning of the seventeenth century by a man of genius who had made it his pride to know all that could be known in his time concerning the surface of the globe. There is a sort of notion abroad that there was a back-sliding among the geographers of the seventeenth century from the knowledge gathered by their predecessors of the previous century, and no better test of the truth of this notion can be desired than to examine what we are told concerning Central Africa by a man who stood between the two centuries, and was much readier to believe that he knew everything, than to admit that he knew nothing. Defoe has often been quoted as a first-hand authority in matters of history. No reader of his *Journal of the Plague*, or his *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, who had

not been expressly put on his guard, would be likely to suppose that he was not in contact with a contemporary annalist. Part of the secret of this wonderful verisimilitude is that the great storyteller was at pains to master the leading historical facts, and to weave his imaginary incidents upon them as a framework. It is obvious that he had recourse to the same device for giving an air of truth to the adventures of his fictitious traveller "across the dark continent," and that he carefully studied and closely followed the best geographical authorities, supposing, that is to say, that those authorities who knew nothing for certain and therefore professed to know nothing at all, were not the best.

We may be sure that it was not scientific curiosity that took Captain Singleton across the dark continent. He was a steward's boy on board a Portuguese ship, and had been concerned in a mutiny. The mutineers had been left by the captain on a barbarous island on the coast of Madagascar, to die of hunger, or be killed by the natives, or make their way back to civilisation as they might. In spite of his youth, Singleton's daring and resource soon gave him authority among his companions. He became their leading adviser when they began to concoct means of escape. His advice was that they should seize the small boats of the natives, and coast along the island till they came to natives who had bigger boats, and so on till they should be sufficiently equipped to capture some passing ship of considerable size, and sail away to the Red Sea to ply the trade of piracy. This admirable plan miscarried from the want of a proper gradation of boats, but the deserted mutineers, after making some progress by various ingenious contrivances, had the good fortune at last to encounter the wreck of a Dutch ship, out of which they built a small frigate, and so made their escape to the mainland. Arrived at the mainland, however, they were hardly in less miserable case than before, for

if they sailed for the Red Sea in their little vessel, they were certain to be taken by the Arabs and sold for slaves to the Turks, and the winds were too variable, and the sea too tempestuous to give them a chance of reaching the Cape of Good Hope. They took, therefore, the chronicle says, "one of the rashest, and wildest, and most desperate resolutions that ever was taken by man, or any number of men in the world; this was, to travel overland through the heart of the country, from the coast of Mozambique, on the East Ocean, to the coast of Angola or Guinea, on the Western or Atlantic Ocean, a continent of land of at least 1,800 miles; in which journey they had excessive heats to support, impassable deserts to go over; no carriages, camels, or beasts of any kind to carry their baggage, innumerable numbers of wild and ravenous beasts to encounter with, such as lions, leopards, tigers, lizards, and elephants; they had the equinoctial line to pass under, and consequently were in the very centre of the torrid zone; they had nations of savages to encounter with, barbarous and brutish to the last degree; hunger and thirst to struggle with; and, in one word, terrors enough to have daunted the stoutest hearts that ever were placed in cases of flesh and blood."

Singleton by no means approved of this resolution of his Portuguese comrades. He had the bulldog courage of an English buccaneer, and his view was that they should "get into the Arabian Gulf or the mouth of the Red Sea, and waiting for some vessel passing or re-passing there, of which there is plenty, seize upon the first they came at by force, and not only enrich themselves with her cargo, but carry themselves to what part of the world they pleased." Finding, however, that his companions had not spirit for this enterprise, but were bent upon making their way overland, he convinced them of the necessity of seizing sixty natives to carry their baggage. From one of these natives Singleton—having given

such proofs of natural capacity to command that he was unanimously appointed captain of the expedition—learnt that there was "a great river a little further to the north, which was able to carry their bark many leagues into the country due west," and resolved to take advantage of this waterway for his journey. An observation taken by the gunner, who was the geographer of the company, and was provided with charts and a pocket compass, showed the adventurers that they were in $12^{\circ} 35'$ south of the line. With regard to the position of the river, Captain Singleton says that he "takes this to be the great river marked by our chartmakers at the northmost part of the coast of Mozambique, and called there Quilloa."

Defoe gives a minute description, after his circumstantial manner, of this river:—

"All the country on the bank of the river was a high land, no marshy, swampy ground in it; the verdure good, and abundance of cattle feeding upon it wherever we went, or which way soever we looked; there was not much wood, indeed, at least not near us; but further up we saw oak, cedar, and pine-trees, some of which were very large.

"The river was a fair open channel about as broad as the Thames, below Gravesend, and a strong tide of flood, which we found held us about sixty miles, the channel deep; nor did we find any want of water for a great way. In short, we went merrily up the river with the flood and the wind blowing still fresh at E. and E.N.E.; we stemmed the ebb easily also, especially while the river continued broad and deep; but when we came past the swelling of the tide, and had the natural current of the river to go against, we found it too strong for us, and began to think of quitting our bark; but the prince would by no means agree to that, for finding we had on board pretty good store of roping made of mats and flags, which I described before, he ordered all the prisoners, which were on shore, to come and take hold of those ropes, and tow us along by the shore side; and as we hoisted our sail too, to ease them, the men ran along at a great rate.

"In this manner the river carried us up, by our computation, near 200 miles, and then it narrowed apace, and was not above as broad as the Thames at Windsor, or thereabout; and after another day we came to a great waterfall or cataract, enough to frighten us, for I believe the whole body of water fell at once perpendicularly down a precipice above thirty feet

high, which made noise enough to deprive men of their hearing, and we heard it above ten miles before we came to it."

The travellers could not carry their frigate above this waterfall, but built canoes and pursued their course by means of them:—

"We passed abundance of inhabitants upon this upper part of the river, and with this observation, that almost every ten miles, we came to a several nation, and every several nation had a different speech, or else their speech had differing dialects, so that they did not understand one another. They all abounded in cattle, especially on the riverside; and the eighth day of this second navigation, we met with a little negro town, where they had growing a sort of corn-like rice, which eat very sweet; and as we got some of it of the people, we made very good cakes of bread of it, and making a fire baked them on the ground, after the fire was swept away, very well; so that hitherto we had no want of provision of any kind we could desire.

"Our negroes towing our canoes, we travelled at a considerable rate, and by our own account could not go less than twenty or twenty-five English miles a day, and the river continuing to be much at the same breadth, and very deep all the way, till on the tenth day we came to another cataract; for a ridge of high hills crossing the whole channel of the river, the water came tumbling down the rocks from one stage to another in a strange manner; so that it was a continued link of cataracts from one to another, in the manner of a cascade; only that the falls were sometimes a quarter of a mile from one another, and the noise confused and frightful."

They hauled and carried their canoes past these cataracts, but the river did not serve them much farther; after two days it became so shallow that "there was not water enough to swim a London wherry," and they were obliged to set forward wholly by land.

There is probably a good deal of guess-work in the description of this river, though there is an element of truth in Defoe's account of the cataracts. Not only are there cataracts on the East African rivers, but they are like the cataracts that Defoe describes. His lower cataract with its sheer descent might pass for the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, and the succession of cataracts higher up the river have a resemblance in character to the falls on the river Shire. It

may have been some rumour of these waterfalls that he has thus boldly localised; still, while the Rufigi is unexplored, it would be rash to say that Defoe has drawn upon his imagination for the most remarkable features of his great river. If we suppose the river up which Captain Singleton sailed to have been the Rufigi, we must give Defoe credit for another remarkable agreement with modern geography. He relates how Captain Singleton after travelling for thirty days due west reached a vast wilderness of sand, and how after pushing on for ten days through this desert he reached an immense lake. "Happily," Singleton says, "we came to it at the south point of it, for to the north we could see no end of it; so we passed by it, and travelled three days by the side of it." Now on looking at the most recent maps of Africa, we see that a line due west from the mouth of the Rufigi would carry the traveller past the southern shore of Lake Tanganika, so that although Defoe is a few degrees wrong in his latitude he might still get credit for a wonderful amount of correct anticipation. On looking, however, at the maps of the seventeenth century, we do not find that in this particular Defoe was ahead of the common knowledge of his age; his lake was simply the Zafflan of the maps, the southern extremity of which was in the same latitude with the river marked Quilloa.

We may admit indeed that the geographers of the seventeenth century had an inkling of the correct position of the southern part of Lake Tanganika. The Portuguese had probably penetrated as far as that. It is after he has carried Captain Singleton past this point that De Foe's geography becomes indisputably wild and fabulous. His travellers rest for five days by the lake, after their fatigues in the desert. There are no human beings to annoy them—De Foe makes them traverse a thousand miles of the interior without meeting with any crea-

tures of their own kind—but they have several adventures with wild animals, elephants, lions, tigers and wolves, who compel them to stand on their defence. Setting forward from the lake to get rid of this disagreeable company, and still keeping their course due west, they find the desert continue, though it is not so arid as before but watered by small streamlets; they push on through the desert for sixteen days, till the ground begins almost insensibly to rise, and at the end of three days more they reach the summit of a very high ridge of hills, from which they see stretching before them a country clothed with green, and a large river. It was a month since they had had a tree to shelter them from the sun, and the shade of the woods was "the most refreshing thing imaginable to them." The gunner, who kept their computations, told them that they had now come about eleven hundred miles of their journey, and "pulling out his map," assured them that the river which they saw was "either the river Nile or ran into the great lake out of which the river Nile was said to take its beginning." They debated whether it would not be well, if that were the Nile, to build canoes and float down it to Egypt rather than expose themselves to any more deserts and scorching sands, but the gunner dissuaded them by good and sufficient reasons from this way of reaching the sea. While they were loitering by the river before resuming their march, one of the party picked up a piece of gold, and they spent some days searching for gold with great success. The rainy season coming on, they encamped for four months by the Golden River. With commendable care not to set the covetous upon a vain chase, Captain Singleton mentions that they cleared the spot of gold, and that it seemed to be only a casual deposit.

From the Golden River Captain Singleton and his party set forward again due west, and marched ten days through a pleasant country, "easy to

travel in as well as to supply us with provisions, though still without inhabitants," at the rate of twenty or twenty-five miles a day, stopping only one day "to make a raft to carry us over a small river which having been swelled with the rains was not yet quite down." We must quote Defoe's realistic account of the surprise with which they were then confronted:—

"When we were past this river, which by the way ran to the northward too, we found a great row of hills in our way; we saw indeed the country open to the right at a great distance; but as we kept true to our course due west, we were not willing to go a great way out of our way, only to shun a few hills, so we advanced; but we were surprised, when, being not quite come to the top, one of our company, who, with two negroes, was got up before us, cried out, the sea! the sea! and fell a dancing and jumping, as signs of joy.

"The gunner and I were most surprised at it, because we had but that morning been calculating that we were then above a thousand miles from the sea-side, and that we could not expect to reach it till another rainy season would be upon us; so that, when our man cried out, the sea, the gunner was angry and said he was mad.

"But we were both in the greatest surprise imaginable, when, coming to the top of the hill, and, though it was very high, we saw nothing but water, either before us, or to the right hand or the left, being a vast sea, without any bound but the horizon.

"We went down the hill full of confusion of thought, not being able to conceive whereabouts we were, or what it must be, seeing by all our charts the sea was yet a vast way off."

They are fairly puzzled, but they resolve to hold to the north. They travel along the shore of this sea full twenty-three days, till they descry land on the further side of the water, due west; after travelling eight days more, they find that the lake or sea ends in "a very great river, which runs N. or N. by E." The gunner again pulls out his maps, and declares his belief that he had been mistaken before, and that this is the river Nile. With some trouble they waft themselves and their cattle across the river, and discover a most inhospitable country, full of strange wild creatures, distinguished among which was "an ugly, venomous, deformed kind of snake or serpent," so hideous and

noisy that "our men would not be persuaded but it was the devil, only that we did not know what business Satan could have there where there were no people." "It was very remarkable," Captain Singleton reflects, "that we had now travelled a thousand miles without meeting with any people, in the heart of the whole Continent of Africa, where, to be sure, never man set his foot since the sons of Noah spread themselves over the face of the whole earth."

A few days after they cross the river, our travellers see some signs of inhabitants. These prove to be "all negroes, and stark naked," but "a very frank, civil, and friendly sort of people," who give Captain Singleton directions for his journey, and show him that he must no longer go due West, but turn northwards, because there is another lake in the way. In two days more they sight this lake, and it "holds them till they pass the equinoctial line."

If one reads Captain Singleton's travels hurriedly, without attending to the precise notes of his position at various stages, it might easily appear that Defoe had somehow obtained a more correct idea of the lie of the central lakes than the mapmakers of his time. Here we have described a vast lake out of which the Nile issues, and near it another great lake stretching north of the equator. Further, his learned gunner is of opinion that when they have rounded this second lake, they should bend a little to the south, and in time they would strike upon the Congo. One is disposed to jump immediately to the conclusion that Defoe was writing from the information of some early explorer of the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza, and some traveller on the Congo who had traced its course north of the equator. Captain Singleton does not reach the Congo; he finds an impassable desert in his way, and holding more directly west, conducts his band at last to the Gold Coast. Still the gunner's geography would have

been verified if the desert had not intervened; his charts marked the true course of the Congo, in one great particular at least, as it has been ascertained by Mr. Stanley during his explorations.

The position of Defoe's lakes, however, is seen to be very different from the true position of the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza, when we look closely at his definition of them. He makes Captain Singleton travel 1,300 miles due west from about 12° S. latitude on the Zanzibar coast, before striking on the great central lake which looked like the sea. It is unnecessary to say that such a course would land the traveller a good 1,000 miles from the Victoria Nyanza, as marked on the modern map. On the other hand it would bring him as nearly as possible to the Lake Zaire of the seventeenth century mapmakers. There is a collection of seventeenth century maps of Africa in the British Museum, which agree, with the slightest possible variations, in the position they give to the central lakes. Dapper's map, reproduced in Mr. Stanley's recent work, is a very good sample of them, and shows their universal conception of the lake system. Defoe's great lake is simply their Lake Zaire. The points in which he differs from them are his second lake lying across the equinoctial line, which I have not seen represented in any map, and the course which he seems to assign to the Congo. On this last point he has been corroborated; but no great equatorial lake has yet been discovered anywhere near the longitude in which he represents it as lying.

Still it is curious that Defoe should have been right about the Congo when the Dutch, English, and French mapmakers were wrong. The probability is that he got his information from Portuguese sources—the gunner was a Portuguese sailor, and would naturally have used the maps of his own countrymen—and that the Portuguese had traced the Congo upwards from their settlements near its mouth. We

may even suppose that Defoe, who was all his life much in contact with traders, and at one time proposed settling in Cadiz as a merchant, learnt more from the Portuguese than their government would allow publishers to put into their maps. Dr. Livingstone at one time accused the Portuguese Government of deliberately misleading the world about the mouths of the Zambesi, and they may easily have had commercial reasons at an earlier date for keeping their knowledge to themselves. The writer of an interesting article in *Nature* (June 6) on the old maps of Africa, points out that the old mapmakers, proceeding upon information furnished by Portuguese traders and missionaries, were so far right about the Congo, that they made it issue from a lake in the interior. We may expect to hear by and by an account of the exact amount of knowledge concerning Central Africa possessed by the early geographers, from the Commission which the Lyons Geographical Society has instituted to inquire into the subject. Meantime, judging from what Defoe puts into the mouth of Captain Singleton, we should say that the Portuguese, if they, as seems most likely, were his authorities, knew a good deal about the country for some distance inland from both coasts, but that there was a vast expanse in the interior into which they had never penetrated, or from which they had brought back only the vaguest information.

No exploring records that have yet been brought to light go the least way towards diminishing the credit of recent explorers, Livingstone, Speke, Burton, Baker, and Stanley. The noble courage and patience of these explorers, nothing, of course, can diminish; but they may still retain also unchallenged the glory of priority. Nor do I think that the mapmakers of the eighteenth century were guilty of a step backwards when they discarded the conjectural tracings of vast lakes which formed the tradition of Central African geography in the

previous century. I do not know who is responsible for thus making Central Africa a geographical blank. The writer in *Nature* attributes it to Guillaume Delisle; and one finds maps without the lakes which are said to be constructed *Selon les nouvelles Observations de Messrs. de l'Académie des Sciences*. But at any rate one cannot admit that it was a scientific error thus to make confession of ignorance. The mapmakers retained the lakes long after geographers had ceased to profess any knowledge of the country where they were conjecturally placed. Peter Heylin, for example, has the lakes shown in the map accompanying his *Cosmographie*, although in the text of the work he makes this frank confession:—"Touching these provinces we can say but little, and that little of no great note or certainty; but that they differ for the most part from

one another both in speech and behaviour; each village under a several king, and each in continual quarrel with its next neighbours, whom, if they overcome, they eat." The sum total of the seventeenth century knowledge about Central Africa was that both the Nile and the Congo flowed out of large lakes deep in the interior. The eighteenth century geographers cannot be blamed for ceasing to give pictorial representation to these facts, when they could not fix the true position of the lakes within a thousand miles. The first step towards true knowledge is the rejection of knowledge falsely so conceived; and the exclusion of Lakes Zafflan, Zaire, and Zembre from the maps, was really the first step towards a scientific geography of the unexplored African Continent.

W. MINTO.

REFORMED PUBLIC-HOUSES.

"SHALL I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked?" Jack Falstaff's question may well be repeated by many a modern working man. True, his money, which is copper, is not forcibly taken from him, only conveyed, as the wise call it; and for his sobriety, of which he is often robbed, that is perhaps "a trifle—some eight-penny matter." Yet for all that he cannot, as a rule, take his ease safely and peaceably in his inn; and the loss to him is much more real than that which the witty Sir John made such a fuss about.

Let us see, in plain earnest, how the case stands. We may begin with the assumption that the working man, wage-earner, man of the people, or whatever else we may please to call him—for, like Mother Earth, he is "one shape of many names"—wants the public-house, and as a rule will use it. In order to see why, let us proceed from the well known to the less known; premising that the morals of one class are very like the morals of another, except so far as they are modified, and that mainly on the outside, by surrounding circumstances. Most men who belong to a London club, have spent a Sunday there occasionally, and they know that a few of its members sometimes pass a good part of that day in the club when they are in town. These gentlemen breakfast there, late probably, and then smoke a cigarette; read the papers and magazines, and possibly indulge in a game of billiards; lunch; walk in the park and make calls; return to the club, and fortify themselves for dinner with a glass of sherry and bitters. After the evening meal some of them smoke, play cards or billiards, and talk, until a late hour. These men answer in one class to the

steady customers of the public-house in another.

The case of the club-lounger has been taken, because it corresponds most nearly, in one respect at least, to that of the average working-man. When our young friends get married, they cease to use the club so much. They went there because very often no place was more attractive, especially when their relations were out of town. But this answers to the permanent state of most working men, whose homes are not spacious, often not cleanly, nor in any way pleasant. Where are they to turn for amusement? On a fine Sunday they may go to Hampstead or Greenwich, Richmond or Boxhill. But matters are so arranged in England that a large proportion of the Sundays are hopelessly and determinedly wet. Museums and picture galleries are closed, and a man cannot be in church or chapel all day, even if he goes there at all. The public-house alone stands invitingly open, and he enters accordingly.

Nor must it be thought that the opening of "places of rational amusement" would make any very great difference. Do we suppose that the lover of clubs would spend much less of his time in his favourite arm-chair, or drink fewer glasses of brandy and soda, if the Royal Academy were open on Sunday, or that the Grosvenor Gallery is anything but an hour sandwiched between two cigars; and, if not, why should similar opportunities greatly attract the man of similar tastes and habits in a different class? The love of art, and the pursuit of knowledge, are rare; and we cannot suppose that artisans will be more eager for culture and beauty than those whose minds are, by courtesy, supposed to have been refined by the ingenuous arts.

Besides, the club has been proved to meet a need which appears to be permanent, and which is not confined to Sunday or to London. The man who has the pleasantest home, who is the fondest of his wife and children, likes to meet his fellows at times, and the club is a convenient place for discussing the news of the day. The public-house is simply the club of the poorer man. That is to say, it is for purposes very similar to those of the club that he goes to the tavern, at least at first. Drink for its own sake may be the object at last; but the company, the cheerfulness, the light, the attention, the comfort, the centre of news and gossip, are in many cases the main attractions throughout. It must be remembered also that the working man has very little choice, if he wishes to relax his mind. For a spacious, fairly clean, and well-lighted room, where he can entertain and be entertained among his friends, he must go to the inn or nowhere.

It seems then that the working man wants, and will continue to use the public-house, unless some substitute can be found offering at least equal advantages. Nor must it be forgotten that any proposed substitute must afford, not what we believe, but what the average working man believes, to be equal advantages. He will not go to the place we think nicest for him, but to that which he thinks nicest, which supplies him most easily with what he wants. The evil part of the business arises thus: the working man goes to his inn for a thousand reasons, but the keeper of the place wants him there for only one. Hence it follows that public-houses do infinitely more harm than clubs. In fact, public-houses do not deserve the name they bear; more properly speaking they are publicans' houses. They are institutions created, not in the public interest, but in that of the makers and vendors of intoxicating drinks. The licensed victuallers assert, and quite truly, that nothing is so bad for their business as a drunken man;

it is perhaps conceivable that they might even prefer a teetotaler. Their ideal is the man who can carry a great quantity of liquor without too obviously showing any of those symptoms which are sometimes noticed by the police. None the less true is it that the public-house, as at present managed, exists for the one purpose of selling drink, and owners and managers are enriched in proportion to the quantity of liquor which they can pour down people's throats. Therefore it is hardly possible for a working man to enter a public-house without drinking, and not easy to stay there without drinking to excess. Various devices are resorted to for getting off the liquor, from the prominence given to the bar, to tossing for drinks, or adulteration with thirst-producing drugs. The result is that men who go to talk, remain to drink; those who begin by seeking companionship, not unfrequently end as confirmed drunkards. The working man cannot "take his ease in his inn;" he can hardly go there without spending much more money, and imbibing much more liquor than he intended, unless indeed he already belongs to the number of those who never intend to drink less than they can get.

Of the various remedies which have been suggested for these evils, those only will be dwelt on here which do not entail legislative action; partly because it is not wished now to enter upon controverted points; partly because any legislative measures of the kind seem very far off; and partly because any laws that might be passed on this subject to interfere with the customs and habits of the people would be inoperative, or, more probably, would increase the evils which they were designed to cure. So long as people want to drink, whether in moderation or in excess, they will find the means of doing so; and to attempt interference between supply and demand, would be to commit the tremendous mistake of associating liberty with drink, and temper-

ance with repression. No opinion is expressed here as to the desirability of the Permissive Bill, of free trade in liquor, or of any other proposed measure for the regulation or control of the drink traffic. But it may be taken as certain that any future law, dealing with this subject, can only be effective so far as the people have been already educated up to it by other means.

Nor is it necessary here to deal with schemes for raising the moral tone of the people by education, by sanitary reforms, by better water supply, and by improved dwellings. All these things are excellent, and indeed necessary; but the present question is, Can a practical substitute for the public-house be found, or if not, what is to be done? Educational and other improvements will no doubt, in process of time, give men better tastes and happier homes, and will thus lessen the consumption of drink, to the great prejudice of the revenue. But is there no more direct way of getting at the evil?

Two courses suggest themselves; of which the first is the creation of effectual rivals to the public-house system, and the second the reform of the public-houses themselves. The second has been suggested, but not, so far as we know, acted upon in this country. In the former direction, various experiments have been made, of which the most important are working men's clubs and coffee public-houses. Working men's clubs—or as it might be better to call them people's clubs—are now fairly numerous, and there is every reason to wish that their numbers may be greatly increased. Yet the Report of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, for the current year, is not as encouraging as the friends of the movement could wish. We are told that out of the clubs in existence, 53 per cent are wholly self-supporting; 59 per cent report an increased success during the last year; 25 per cent have remained stationary; and 15 per cent

of the reports are unfavourable. The council, while urgent for increased aid to a "social agency which diminishes the enormous national expenditure in drink, and which raises the tastes, aims, habits, and intelligence of the working population," has to confess that the financial condition of the society "has never been so unsatisfactory at any previous period." The cause of this partial failure is not far to seek. Working men can very seldom find the means to start a club for themselves. If richer men pay they like also to control, and then some of their "fads" and fancies are almost sure to wreck the project. Even if the directors are the most sensible of men—a condition which is not always realised—yet the consciousness that the club is managed by others, not of their own class, is sufficient to raise a suspicion of dictation and interference in the minds of the working men, always highly sensitive on this point; and such a suspicion, whether justified or not, is fatal. Such clubs are not very likely to be successful rivals of the public-houses except when exciseable refreshments are supplied, and this is the case with only 41 per cent. Those who have hoped much from this movement need not despair. It seems to have taken hold of the classes for which it was intended in some quarters, and therefore may be expected to grow. But rapid growth must not be expected, and real advance can only be made where patronage and interference do not exist. In any case it will be a long time before the clubs answer the purposes of the public-house as completely for the working men as they do for many of the richer classes. Meantime it is evident that there is room for other agencies with similar aims.

Attempts have been made to rival the attractions of the public-house by means of places where non-alcoholic liquors only are sold. The Coffee Public-house Association, with the Duke of Westminster at its head,

collects and imparts information, and assists all who are desirous of starting houses of this kind. The Coffee Tavern Company has many successful establishments in London, where tea, coffee, cocoa, and aerated drinks, wash down beef, ham, and cake, "where good cigars are to be had for two-pence," and where "working men may bring their own meals and eat them on the premises." There is little doubt that this movement supplies a real want. A "book of one hundred beverages" has recently been issued, which undertakes to answer the question, "What can I drink instead of beer?" In the provinces, as well as in London, many persons seem to be interested in this question, and the answer that is found for it; and coffee and cocoa taverns increase and multiply. To take one instance alone, we learn from the *Bradford Observer* of July 8, that "at the Central Cocoa Tavern in Kirkgate, no less than 510*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.* had been taken in five weeks since its opening on the 7th of June, giving an average of over 100*l.* a week;" and Leeds and other towns are moving in the same direction, as may be learnt from *The Coffee Public-house; how to Establish and Manage It*, a pamphlet issued by the Coffee Public-house Association.

We heartily wish the coffee and cocoa taverns all the success they deserve; yet an uneasy suspicion will intrude that they cannot completely cover the ground.

Most of us will remember Leech's picture of Master Tom being taken by his paleontological papa to see the megatheriums, and other extinct creatures at the Crystal Palace, and how the young gentleman "objects to have his mind improved." We are all children of a larger growth, and there is much of Master Tom in us all. There are few men in any class who would not resent any deliberate attempt to improve their minds. If we wish for improvement at all—and not all of us go even so far—we like to improve ourselves in our own

fashion. Let us suppose for a moment that certain benevolent and wealthy gentlemen, deeply impressed with the brandy and sodas consumed, the whist and unlimited loo, the billiards and other vanities of Pall Mall and that region, were to start a club in which no liquor more potent than coffee, and no game less innocent than chess, would be allowed. Is it imagined that the golden youth of this city would rush in crowds to put down their names as candidates for membership? If people would only recollect that drinkers of beer and gin, and smokers of dirty clay pipes, are men of like passions with drinkers of curaçoa and champagne, and smokers of cigarettes or Havannah cigars, many problems would be much simplified. Perhaps, taking the average, the one class is not greatly worse or better than the other; certainly the consumers of the coarser luxuries are not less apt to take offence at anything which they construe into dictation. Large numbers of working men will hold aloof from the coffee tavern, merely because they dislike attempts to reform their habits. Some would drink coffee by choice if they could get it good, in a place where they could take that or other liquors; but they will not go where their selection of drinks is, as they think, arbitrarily limited. In spite of this difficulty, the coffee tavern movement will, it is much to be hoped, make way. But that it, limited as it now is, will effectually rival the public-house system, can hardly be expected. The best chance would be to combine with the coffee taverns other attractions, such as spacious smoking and reading rooms, games, and, above all, well-conducted lodging-houses; and it is pleasant to learn that the lodgings for single men at the "Tom Hughes" Tavern, in St. Martin's Lane, answer well. But some of the promoters of the movement seem to tend in an opposite direction, and to court the kind of customers who drink and go, not those who drink and stay to amuse

themselves. Should the coffee public-houses be saddled with this idea, they will be cut off from their widest field of usefulness. The men and women who simply want a drink, and who can be protected against bad beer or worse gin by the offer of a cup of coffee, should be met in the street. The coffee stall—a most valuable institution—is the thing for them. The coffee public-house must be framed on a much wider basis if it is to be a success.

But neither coffee, tea, nor even all the pleasing variety of drinks, compounded by Mr. Sainsbury, or by the author of the pamphlet already alluded to, are likely to quench the thirst for beer and spirits; or even if the visions of temperance prophets were fulfilled, if neither grape-juice nor malt were ever fermented, and hops never grew except in the wild state, there would yet be wants now satisfied by the public-house which must be met in some way. The field for reform is wide, and many agencies must work together before our people can be converted into a temperate generation. Let every man do his work, from the Alliance orator to the street vendor of coffee. But what if a course is open, and has even been suggested, which is more direct and seems likely to be more effectual than any yet tried? Is it possible that the evils of the drink-traffic may be better dealt with by reforming, than by creating rivals to, the public-house? Let it be remembered that the inn has stood the test of centuries, from the days when the beggar Irus and Hesiod's friend haunted "the blacksmith's forge and the warm lounge"—then the nearest approach to the modern tavern—up to the present time. It is safer to try to reform than to destroy that which has gained so strong a hold on the customs of the people; unless indeed it be one of those evils which must be fought to the uttermost.

The Gothenburg system, by which public-houses have been reformed in some parts of Sweden, was, we believe, first brought under the notice of

Englishmen in this magazine;¹ but by this time its provisions, and the arguments for and against its adoption, are pretty well before the public. Into those arguments we shall not enter. Legislative permission is required before the Swedish experiment can be tried here; that permission, when sought by Mr. Chamberlain on behalf of Birmingham, was refused, and the attempt is not likely to be renewed at present. But there seems to be no reason why the same experiment, or one nearly resembling it, should not be tried by individuals, or by associations, under conditions which would not require fresh legislation, or an appeal to Parliament. The four principles which, according to the writer of the first-named article, underlie the Gothenburg system, are the following:—

"I. Spirits to be retailed without any profit whatever to the retailer, who can thus have no temptation to stimulate their consumption.

"II. The sale of spirits on credit, or on the security of pledges, to be stringently prohibited.

"III. All houses in which the liquor trade is carried on to be well lighted, roomy, airy, and clean.

"IV. Good victuals, at moderate prices, to be always procurable in drinking houses by anybody demanding them."

Now let us suppose that the squire of a village—such a squire as was described in a pleasant paper, with the title, "The Poor Man and his Beer," in *All the Year Round*, April, 1859, who "never acted for others, never interfered, above all never patronized"—is now minded to try his hand at the Gothenburg scheme. He has read what has been done in Sweden, and what it was proposed to do in Birmingham, and determines to give the idea a trial on a small scale. There are two public-houses in his village, the "Blue Lion" and the "Brown

¹ See an article on "The Licensing Question in Sweden," in *Macmillan's Magazine* for February 1872, p. 307; and "Gothenburg Again," October 1873, p. 522.

Cow," of which the one has been the centre of many quarrels, and the other has supplied the populace not exactly with the milk of human—or bovine—kindness. The "Brown Cow" happens to be for sale, and he buys it, fortunately anticipating Sir Truman Stout, the rich landowner and brewer. In the first instance he makes hardly any changes in its outward appearance; only putting in a manager, bound by his contract to act upon the above four principles. The manager, or publican of the new kind, is paid chiefly by salary, but is also allowed a percentage on all the unintoxicating drinks that he sells. Presently, certain alterations are suggested partly by him, and partly by his employer, which have the effect of throwing the beer and spirit trade further into the background. He learns to make good coffee, and imports sundry kinds of harmless drinks, which are very pleasant, especially in hot weather. If Hodge comes in heated from the field, the publican has a certain cunning concoction which he can recommend as much better for a "modest quencher" than beer or cider; and with good reason, for he gets a profit on the one and not on the other. So in the bowling alley, and so in the bar-room. Yet all goes on so quietly, changes are so gradually introduced, above all there is such complete absence of dictation, that it is long before the people become conscious of any change at all. He who wants beer or spirits is served according to his desire, with the advantage too that these liquors are good, much better and purer than in the rival house. No doubt there comes a time when a certain set of men revolt against the "squire's public." Some of them are offended because they were not allowed to drink as much as they liked, for anything like drunkenness is strictly forbidden; and others at last smell "new-fangled ideas," so offensive to bucolic nostrils. The hardest-drinking set migrate to the "Blue Lion," and draw some conservative villagers after them. But the women have found

out that their men do not spend a tithe as much at the "Brown Cow" as at the "Blue Lion;" and no one can deny that you have more liberty to do as you like, and on the whole are more comfortable and at your ease in the former establishment. The number of revolvers dwindle, the proprietors of the "Blue Lion" become alarmed for their custom; and besides they have got repeatedly into trouble for allowing drunkenness on the premises. They are at last compelled to adopt something of the rival system, and in the end, perhaps, a drunken man becomes an uncommon object in the village.

Perhaps. The picture is a fancy sketch. Habits of hard drinking are too deeply engrained to be readily rooted out. If our imaginary squire fancies that he is going to turn his village into an Arcadia, it is to be feared that he will give up the experiment in disgust before he has got it well in hand. But if he is content to work slowly, and to make his reforms deep and lasting, rather than extensive and immediately obvious, surely he may do something, and not a little either, in this way.

Nor would the risk be considerable. The probability is that, if he introduced his changes slowly and cautiously, never interfering with the habits of the people, or dictating to them what they should do or forbear from doing—except so far as to stop excessive drinking—the custom of the house would never seriously fall off. At worst, if the experiment turned out an utter failure, he could but part with the property to the brewers, who would be ready to buy it and work it on the old system. Surely somewhere in broad England some one may be found large-hearted enough to give the experiment a fair trial?

Or may it be hoped that there are men enough, who care less for theories than for the welfare of the people, to join in new public-house associations? The weakness of almost all temperance, as of other benevolent schemes, is that their promoters insist too much

upon their own ideas. They want that which in the main is right and good, and they are so thoroughly convinced that they will not take into account any facts which lie on one side of their convictions. They wish to succeed wholly and at once, forgetting that success is the prize of those who can wait, and be content to advance slowly.

The proposed associations would not attempt to dictate to the people what they should eat, or drink, or do; but only to supply them with that which they want, taking care that the articles supplied should be genuine, and that no customer should be urged or tempted to consume intoxicating liquors. The objects of the Associations would be to buy public-houses, whether in town or country, and manage them on principles more or less like those adopted in our imaginary village. More might be done by degrees, and many useful hints may be gathered from the policy of the publicans. The snugness of many an inn parlour may be copied with advantage, and the idea of introducing small and well-selected museums and libraries among the attractions of the public-house may be adapted and expanded.

These, however, are matters of detail and afterthought, into which it is not proposed to go at present. If the scheme be properly started, it will grow out in the most suitable directions. For it cannot be too often repeated that the governing principle must be obedience to the demand. If we start with the intention of acting merely on preconceived ideas, the movement will harden into some form which may please a few, but will not be acceptable to the many, and it will live, if at all, with a stunted growth. No doubt those who, in the first instance, would take up this idea—if we may make bold to believe that it will be accepted by any—will do so with the intention of lessening the terrible evils which surround the trade in liquor. But how is that best to be done? By insisting on one limited idea? or by offering the public what they want

under the easiest and best conditions? Start public-houses, with the strictly commercial idea of making them pay, combined with the strictly social idea of giving every customer what he wants, within the bounds of good order, and with the further condition that matters shall be so arranged that the publican shall gain by the sale of food and non-intoxicating drinks, but not at all by the sale of intoxicants, and a beginning in the right direction will have been made. Gradually, as we believe, it will be found that the reformed public-house pays better than the old-fashioned institution; and, if this idea should be justified by the results, capital will be attracted in the direction of reform; and the trade itself—that is to say those who seek to live by supplying the public with that which they want—will be led of their own free will to adopt something like the Gothenburg system. Give the publican a practical proof that by offering his customer his “ease in his inn,” by giving him a large choice of what he will take, profits will flow in more freely, and the business man will not be slow to take the hint. Nor will reform become a practical success until it can be placed on a practical basis, and a business footing.

But can this be done? Is it practicable to purchase and run public-houses in some such fashion as has been suggested? *Solvitur ambulando*; we can only tell by trying. An attempt has been made to show how possibly the thing might be done in country places. In large towns the difficulties to be met would be more complex; but there seems to be no reason why they should be insuperable; and, so far as trade in eatables is concerned, the town taverns would have the advantage. It is true that many town public-houses, or drinking shops, depend for their custom upon men and women who come in for their dram, and depart as soon as it has been swallowed. To attempt to convert these establishments into something quite different would be to sacrifice, at any rate for a considerable

time, the interest on the capital invested; that is to say, the undertaking would be not commercial but benevolent. This would be fatal; not because we object to benevolence, but because commercial success is the rough but sure test of real success. If an institution does not pay, that fact is a certain indication of failure to meet the public needs; and there is no good sense in starting a concern, on the most admirable principles, which the public will have nothing to do with. In the case of these drinking-shops then, if our proposed Association should get hold of one or more of them, the only plan would seem to be to sell liquor as before, but with the bane to give the antidote, to keep at the bar coffee as well as gin, cooling and harmless drinks as well as brandy. This would be but a small beginning towards better things. But our principle is to advance no further towards reform than can be done so as to meet existing tastes; only with an inclination—governed by the question, “Will it pay?”—towards reform. This is perhaps all that could be done, in the first instance, in the most unfavourable cases; although even there it is impossible to say how far careful and gradual reform might not be extended. But there would be other instances in which much bolder ground might be taken at once. Enough, however, has been said. Our present object is only to attract attention to an idea, not original or new, but which seems to be practical and to have met with undeserved neglect. That it is sound is believed; that it will pay is believed; that it will do good is believed. Little can be lost, much may be gained, by trying it.

The reform here proposed is not of the heroic type. Those who regard the liquor traffic as a thing wholly evil will not be likely to regard with favour such a modest proposal as this. The world is wide, and the cause of temperance must be forwarded by many methods. By all means let those who think that everything

can be won by houses where “the accursed thing” is utterly forbidden, try their plan. Every coffee, cocoa, or temperance house which can be made to attract the public, is a distinct gain. But there is room, side by side with these attempts, for an experiment of a different character. There are still many who think that a moderate use of stimulants is no bad thing; and they at least will be glad to see public-houses established in which a veritable “free trade in liquors” is carried on, and where the customer may freely take his choice between intoxicants or non-intoxicants; or, if he prefers, may amuse himself in other ways, or may eat, without drinking at all.

Let it be remembered also that at present, so far at least as proposed legislative reforms are concerned, no heroic remedies are before the public. The Permissive Bill is no more heroic than the present scheme, and is not very unlike it; for the one would give a locality power to decide as to the amount of liquor to be sold there; the other would give the individual a free choice as to what liquor he will drink. Certainly, until a majority of individuals in a given district have learnt to prefer non-intoxicating drinks, Sir Wilfrid Lawson's measure would have small chance of being put into practice; and the best chance for it would be, that, before it was carried, reformed public-houses should have already done their work in educating the people. We venture to think, therefore, that total abstinents and moderate drinkers, all, in a word, who are in favour of temperance, may be asked to give this experiment a fair trial. Burns hoped that “Auld Nickie-ben” might “tak a thought an’ men.” That would mean a wider reform than is now contemplated. But it would be no small matter if the curse of drink could be attacked in its own home, and the evil reformed at its very source.

M. W. MOGGRIDGE.

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER IX.

FORTUNATUS'S PURSE.

THE hour which Katherine found long, to Christabel flew past in golden moments; far too short in the passing, yet each moment holding some pleasant incident if only an unforgettable look or word that would make the time appear strangely long when memory counted over its treasures. The frost had broken a day or two ago, and a strong soft west wind was blowing, bringing a sensation of freshness even into London streets, and suggesting visions of wide bare fields over which it had passed, and of trees tossing their arms and groaning out winter music in woods far away.

"It was a wind that did not belong to London," Christabel said, as she put up her veil at the first street corner they came to, and turned her pale cheek to the freshening of the breeze. After her six weeks of in-door life and hard work, the soft air blowing on her face seemed to enter into her with an electric shock of gladness, and exhilarate her as if it were a real elixir of life. After a moment's silence she turned round to her companion for sympathy with a smile of almost childish delight.

"I am glad that Katherine let me come out to-night. There—I have thrown off a ton's weight of weariness in that moment's rest. Generally the wind itself is tired out before it ever gets to our corner, and can only blow one about and whisper fretful complaints in our ears; but this wind is a young giant, and carries floods of music and rest on his wings. I did not rightly know how tired I was till this rested me. Now I am ready for anything, and snap my fingers at fatigue for all the year that is coming. Let us hurry on to David MacVie's

that I may finish my business and get back soon to Katherine!"

"There is no need for hurry, is there? It is quite early yet. The good people in this part of the world are only beginning to come out and amuse themselves and make their purchases, while the West End folks are dining. You ought to come out oftener as you like it, and it does you so much good."

"Before Katherine was ill, we did go out every day, but it was all hurrying to and fro, with the consciousness that we were waited for at the other end of our walk. Did you ever give drawing lessons?"

"I? no,—that is to say I've never been lucky enough to get any pupils as yet."

"Then you don't yet know how teachers are looked at when they arrive a few minutes late. It's a look that stings one all over one's face like a blow with a bunch of nettles; and a walk is hardly a walk with the expectation of that as a punishment for lingering. I stood still to feel the wind just now by way of convincing myself that no one was waiting for me."

"Then let us stand still again as often as you please, and walk slowly. There is no hurry, you know; we shall find ourselves at the clockmaker's long before we want to; at least I know I shall."

"If it is not keeping you from any appointment, or anything you have to do."

"I have nothing on earth to do but, as you said just now, take care of you on that dark crossing your sister does not like."

"To-night she does not like it, but she will not think about it when she is strong, and we get back to our usual life again; we are too busy people I assure you to give way to fancies."

"I can't bear to think of your having to work so hard; women ought not to have to work."

"Hush! that is dreadful heresy. Katherine thinks it our chief privilege and glory, and will not endure that there should be a possibility of hardship we don't claim a share in. She would feel herself insulted if you said that to her."

"Well, you see, I can't say I consider work a privilege myself, and as for hardship—one sees a woman sometimes for whom one cannot endure the thought of it: one would like to pave a road with jewels for her to walk upon; it is the only thing that seems fit for her."

"Katherine and I don't belong to that order of women then," said Christabel, lowering her eyes to avoid a too meaning look which however brought a still deeper glow to the cheeks the wind had brightened. "We have taken to rough paths of our own free choice, and we find a great deal there to compensate for the sharp pebbles and puddles we sometimes come across."

"That puts me in mind of something you said once before. Stay, it was just here close to the lamp-post we are passing now. I daresay you have forgotten, but I never shall. You looked round at your sister just here, and said London fogs were sweet to you, and that you were glad to be in them. I was passing and overheard, and I thought I would give a great deal to be able to ask you what you meant. I did not know all that was to come of it."

"You saw us before the accident? You followed us into the crowd?"

"Yes, that was when I saw you first, just here where we are standing now."

"Just here."

"An electric thrill passed through Christabel as she repeated the words. She saw the crowd again swaying backwards and forwards over the spot where Katherine had fallen, and one figure with a face that had looked to her like

the bright face of a rescuing angel, pressing onward, intent only on her safety. He had followed them then with the purpose of saving, and just here the first impulse to that protectorship she had begun to feel so constant and so strange, was born; just here. She looked up to the gas-lamp, down to the flickering square of light on the pavement where they stood, and almost involuntarily held out her hand. He took and pressed it silently, and then they walked on, still without speaking, passed the fateful crossing, and turned down the little dark street, where the watchmaker lived. He was surprised and perhaps somewhat taken aback at the sudden impulse that had led her to show her feeling of gratitude so frankly, he felt it had something in it a little beyond him, a little more high flown than he could quite understand, though nothing had ever so moved him, or made him feel so happy before in all his life. But to her that hand clasp under the gas-lamp in the crowded street, was a solemn acceptance of a new power come into her life, vague in its requirements as yet, but a reality, capable of usurping the realm of her dreams, and reigning there as not even Katherine had reigned hitherto. When they reached the watchmaker's, they found that the shutters were up, and the shop door closed, though it was still early. David had probably gone out to spend a cosy evening with a brother entomologist, or to attend a meeting at his club, and Katherine's pupil, the consumptive young jeweller who occupied the upper story of the house, had left London when the cold weather set in. Christabel stayed her companion's hand when he was about to pull the bell impatiently a second time.

"There is no one in the house," she said; "I know the look of the place well enough when it is left in the guardianship of the clocks and the butterfly-cases. Ringing again would only bring out the heads of the two scolding women who live next door on each side, and who might perhaps revenge

their last quarrel with David on us, by throwing cabbage stalks at our heads. Well, it is a pity! I don't think the streets ever before looked so inviting for a stroll, as they do to-night, but never mind. I can make some of my purchases on my way back to Saville Street, and I have already had a walk that has done me good. Thank you for it."

"You are not dismissing me here; I never heard of such a thing," cried Lord Anstice, stammering with eagerness. "Of course I shall see you safe home, for I promised your sister that you should not come to any harm, and how can I tell unless I see? And besides, why are you in a hurry to go back. Your sister won't begin to expect you till the hour when you would have returned, if you had had a walk with the old man. Why should you go home earlier than you first intended?"

"No, Katherine won't expect me for another hour," said Christabel; "it is very pleasant out of doors to-night, and if you have nothing better to do—"

"I could not do anything that I liked better."

They had reached the corner of the side street now, and Christabel stood for a moment or two irresolute, looking wistfully through the railway arch towards a better quarter of wider streets and brightly lighted shops that lay beyond. Just outside the arch was the opening to the square, whose trees, not snow-powdered now, but black and bare, could be seen from 'air-throne,' and the broad road that followed, stretched a long vista of lessening lights and converging crowds into a dim distance of mist and light. Christabel's eyes dilated as she gazed, and when she turned them on her companion, they had still the dreamy, far-seeing look that made them so different from other eyes.

"Do you know," she said, with the delightful smile expectant of sympathy which had hitherto been kept for Katherine alone, "I don't know how it is, and I am half ashamed of it, but a scene like this moves me a great

deal more than most country views. I don't say that all, but beyond most that I have seen. If I ever paint a real picture, I never may, but if I do, it will be something made up of light and dark, stillness and movement, contrasts of life, such as you will see if you look down there."

The spot to which she pointed was the space, half in bright gas-light and half in shadow, between the corner house of the square, and the railing of its garden, which in comparison with the thronged pavement of the main road close by, looked almost deserted. A ragged boy was standing in the circle of light made by the bright door lamp of the corner house, thrumming a guitar, while his companion, a little girl fantastically dressed, had seated herself on the lowest step of the house, and was resting her spangled head on one hand, the tambourine hanging uselessly from the fingers of the other. Further back in the shade of the trees, a group of ragged children were dancing in time to the music; their uncouth gestures, and dingy faces and garments making them look wild and spectral in the partial gloom in which they moved. As Christabel spoke, the girl on the doorstep sprang up, and holding the tambourine over her head, resumed her task, suspended for that one moment's rest; of twirling round and singing in a shrill, sweet, childish voice, that rose above the noises in the street, and reached to where the observers were standing.

"I know the tune," Lord Anstice remarked a little indifferently, for Christabel's admiration of such a common bit of London life, puzzled him. "I have heard it at theatres and places very differently sung; but she keeps the time wonderfully, and the voice is not bad for the open air."

"It has spoilt it all to me," said Christabel. "She was a picture a minute ago, and now she is a poor little, tired child, singing for her supper, with very little chance perhaps of getting a satisfactory one. Let us go and give her a penny."

This movement decided the question of Christabel's prolonged walk. When they had turned from the little singer, into whose tambourine Lord Anstice threw two pieces, that were not, as Christabel saw by the lamp-light, brown pennies, but white half-crowns; they were in the main street among the shops brightly lighted and decorated, and set out temptingly with Christmas gifts and Christmas cheer. The most inviting provision shops had not only their throngs of busy purchasers coming and going, but were besieged by lingering groups of wistful, hungry-eyed children and pale women who hung about the windows to look with longing eyes on luxuries that were not for them, and who scattered whenever a voice of authority from within, or a policeman's step approaching without, warned them away. Into one or two of these shops Christabel turned to give brief orders, and make small payments, and brisk little interludes of conversation passed between herself and her companion as they waited for their turn to be attended to among the throng of purchasers, or hurried from one place to another. Christabel had hitherto hated the details of housekeeping, and left the dispensing of their slender funds to Katherine's skill, but to-night the little perplexities that arose from the necessity of proportioning the contents of the purse carefully to the wants it had to satisfy only exhilarated her, and when in the lightness of her heart she explained her difficulties to her new friend, and he volunteered astounding suggestions, which revealed profounder depths of ignorance on economic questions than her own, they laughed together over their mistakes like two children playing at responsibility.

"That is the last," said Christabel, coming out of a grocer's shop, where they had been longest detained, "and you see it is as well," holding up a worn leather purse that plainly showed its emptiness. "Katharine and I never get anything we can't pay for at the time and we never need; this

good little purse always has just enough in it; but tell me now, do you ever wish to be rich, on some such night as this, for example, when you are out making purchases have you ever felt a burning covetousness enter your soul?"

"I don't know. I used to wish awfully to be rich, but somehow or other, lately, I've got to think that perhaps there's not so much in it as one fancies."

"You're right about ordinary riches. I never in my neediest moment wished for a settled income of so many hundreds or thousands or even millions a year. I am quite well aware that is never enough, and always turns out to be a mere encumbrance. I have no faith whatever in riches that people know all about and expect you to spend properly. But Fortunatus's purse I should like to have. A purse with always a sovereign and a shilling in it, is what I desire; and if I had it I am convinced that I should use it a great deal more sensibly than the shadowless man did. I should not pull out my money recklessly, so as to excite people's suspicions by the sight of heaps of gold. I should keep the purse close in my pocket, and go modestly about the world, feeling that I might spend my pound and my shilling on any fancy that came into my head without owing the slightest responsibility about it to myself or anybody—there would always be another ready, and no second thought about my spendings should ever trouble my conscience. To-night, for instance, I would go into that crowd before the grocer's shop we have just left, and pick out the palest and most wistful-looking of those women and the shabbiest child, and I would take them back with me, and for once in their lives give them as much of every one of those good things they are devouring with their eyes as they could carry home, *more* than they want. What a story it would be to them for the rest of their lives. One unstinted, undeserved piece of good luck, coming

they did not know where from, and leaving no obligation behind it. I should like, beyond anything else in the world, to go about sowing such stories—for once in my life at least. It would transport me into an Arabian Night at once."

"So it would! What a capital idea! It would be the best fun going. And I say why should not we have Fortunatus's purse just for to-night?"

Christabel turned round and stared at him. "Why should not we? What are you dreaming of? Are you by chance the little grey man—and have you got the purse in your waistcoat pocket?"

For answer Lord Anstice thrust his fingers down into his waistcoat pocket and drew out a small purse, which he held out to Christabel.

"Try it, he said, imploringly. "Try if it won't have a sovereign and a shilling in it as often as you give it back to me to-night. It would be the best joke that was ever acted; do try it."

"What can you mean? You don't suppose, do you, that I would give away your money in that reckless way? Of course I was only talking nonsense."

"But I don't think it was nonsense. You said it was what you would like beyond anything in the world. So why should not you have what you like on one Christmas Eve. It won't do me any harm, I assure you. Its—in fact—a windfall that I meant to give away at Christmas—and I believe you've hit upon the very best way of doing it. I don't know what you feel, but I'm in an Arabian night already, and want to take as many other people into it as can come. There—that pale woman with the shawl over her head, and two ragged children hanging on to her skirts, why should not it begin with her?"

Christabel could not keep her eyes from dancing with delight, even while her hand still hesitated to take the purse. To know that this strange feeling of having got out of herself

and wandered into a magic world of dazzling delight, was not unshared, added another spell, and made her feel that the only safe exit for her excitement was to pass the pleasure on to others.

"You are sure that you are serious, and intend what you are doing. You won't be sorry for it to-morrow, as I am sometimes when a Will-o'-the-wisp of a fancy beckons and I follow it."

"Not I. I shall look back upon it as one of the best things I have done in my life."

"And there will still be another shilling and sovereign in the purse for yourself when you want them?"

"Oh, yes; you need not trouble your head about that. I can make it a Fortunatus purse as far as a sovereign and a shilling go whenever I like."

"Ah, then you must really be a much better artist than I am, whatever you say of yourself," cried Christabel, looking up with an air of respect that amused Lord Anstice intensely; at the broad forehead shaded by his wide-awake, and then at the well-shaped, delicate hand that held out the purse to her. A true artist's hand she said to herself, then aloud, "If you are really so lucky—but come into the shop with me, and see the delight on that woman's face which Fortunatus's purse is going to buy for us."

Lord Anstice, however, preferred to wait outside, pleading that it was better to avoid attracting the attention of bystanders, and that Christabel could flit in and out among the crowd, and act the fairy benefactor more easily alone. She came back to him when he had waited about ten minutes and was just beginning to tire, with a radiant face, and a look in her wonderful eyes turned on him, that made him forget that he had felt impatient.

"I slipped out of sight while the shopman was counting out the change into her hand. Let us turn down this side-street and loose ourselves in the throng round Punch and Judy as quickly as we can. I have heard all about her. She is a widow with eight

children, and goes out charing. She went so far as to remark that she 'had heard of angels,' when I put a whole pound of tea into her lap—but the other things, the oranges and savoury jelly for the child who is ill—and the lavish materials for to-morrow's plum-pudding for the other seven, reduced her to absolute dumbness, and when she finds me vanished, and has to go home with her five shillings change in her hand, her puzzlement will be as complete as we meant it to be. I know she will tell the six children she left locked up at home that she had a glimpse of wings underneath my shawl and heard them flutter just as she lost sight of me. Oh, and I did not forget the shilling, either. I slipped it into the hand of the eldest child to secure his falling in kindly with the angel legend. Fortunatus's purse is quite empty."

"Give it back to me then, and look about in the crowd to see who is to come next."

A hump-backed boy, poorly, but decently clad, who, with a big basket in his hand, was hanging on the outskirts of the Punch-and-Judy crowd, took Christabel's fancy now.

"Tiny Tim shall carry the turkey home himself this year," she cried eagerly. Leave him to me; I have a story ready about a sympathising friend who wishes to send a token of respect and good-will to his parents this Christmas. Ah, there is my token—in the poulterer's shop opposite, tied up with rose-coloured ribbons. His basket is just big enough to hold it. I will catch him, and be back in a minute."

Tiny Tim visited a second shop, and acquired a warm comforter before Fortunatus's purse was exhausted, and by the time it was returned to her again, Christabel had fallen in with a tribe of ragged urchins, mothered by a little woman of six, on their way to a sweet-shop to spend a halfpenny, and, after following them to their destination, and astonishing their small minds with undreamed-of abundance in the

way of bull's-eyes and toffee, she carried them off to a ready-made clothes-shop over the way, and equipped them in warm jackets, capes, and hats, adding a shawl for mother, who was reported to be coming home from the hospital on Christmas Day. When she gave back the purse at the close of this performance, which had necessitated its being once carried back to its owner, in the course of the bargain—and had triumphantly pointed out the transformed tribe trotting homewards, each clutching the other's miraculously whole garment with solemn looks of infantile amazement, it suddenly struck her that time had been passing, though she had not heeded it during these exciting experiences, and that Katherine must long ere this have begun to expect her at home.

"Yes, it's about time we escaped from these quarters." Lord Anstice assented. "People are beginning to stare, and the next thing that might happen is our being taken up for passing bad money. Fortunatus's purse would puzzle the policeman, and before we could make all clear your sister would have had time to think I had fulfilled my promise of taking care of you very badly."

"Let us make haste home, then, and I need not keep you, you know, after we have passed under the railway-bridge."

"Do you think I can't walk as fast as you? or must I tell you again that nothing you can say to me will make me give up a step of the way? I never enjoyed a walk so much in my life, and I have not so many pleasures that you need grudge me the rag end of this one."

Christabel was silent for a few minutes after this speech. The sentence, "I have not so many pleasures" went to her heart, and confirmed the delightful sense of comradeship that had given such zest to all the events of the evening. Her companion was, she thought, leading just the sort of life she had read of and dreamed about, and that she admired utterly—

a generous, free-hearted, careless life—not from recklessness, but from that sense of power to command ultimate success and distinction which supreme genius gives. Self-denying, too, in the midst of power, for it had few pleasures, and they were of this kind. When they had repassed the railway-bridge and were nearing home, she spoke again.

"Ours is not a pleasure that will come to an end when our walk is over; in fact it is, properly speaking, only just beginning now. Tiny Tim has hardly reached home with his basket yet, and our charwoman has not begun to tell her story to the six home children, for I feel sure she turned in to a green-grocer's on her way home to spend that five shillings on coals for tomorrow's fire to boil the pudding. There are a good many people who will never forget this evening."

"You may count me for one of them."

"Yes, it has been a wonderful walk. I can do without another for a long time with this to think of."

"But why should you do without another? Miss Moore, look here. I think your sister is right in not liking you to walk about by yourself."

"But that is condemning me to no walks at all, and, luckily, it would be an impossible rule for me to keep to. After the Christmas holidays I shall begin to give drawing-lessons again, and some of my pupils live a long way off, on the other side of the park. I shall have walking enough then."

"So shall I. I am going into the country for a week or two on business, but when I am in town I walk about a great deal, and generally across the park. When we meet it will give you a chance of prolonging your walks without you sister needing to be anxious. You'll let me do that for you sometimes, won't you, after taking such good care of you this evening?"

They had reached Mrs. West's house by this time, and Christabel turned on the doorstep to wish him good-night.

"I don't ask you to come in again,"

she said, "because it is late and Katherine is tired, but when you come back to London——"

"Precisely, I shall come and settle about those future walks."

"And Katherine will thank you for taking care of me in this one."

"I consider it a promise, however," said Lord Anstice as they shook hands.

Christabel's excitement died away into anxiety, and some doubt about the wisdom of her actions when she found herself shut into the emptiness of the Wests' front hall. It was Casabianca who had opened the door for her, and he proceeded instantly to enlighten her on various disagreeables consequent on her prolonged absence which he thought she ought to know.

"Oh, I say," he began, "there have been people coming to the door from shops all the evening with parcels for you. They said you ordered 'em, and Mary Anne says you'd better keep a footman to open the door for your purchases, since you've grown too grand to carry 'em home yourself. She wonders who you expected to take 'em up to the attics for you."

"I did not think they would come so soon," said Christabel penitently. "I thought I should get home in time to ask you, Casa, to be on the look-out and take them in for me. It surely is not late."

"Mary Anne meant to keep you standing half-an-hour at the door to punish you; but I dodged her," continued the boy. "Yes, it's pretty late. Mrs. Urquhart's tea has come out of the drawing-room, and Mildie overheard her telling her maid to inquire whether you had returned and gone up stairs to Miss Moore. Mildie flatly refused to satisfy the old lady's curiosity. I should have given it to her if she had; but, I say, another time you'd better take me out with you to carry home your things. It would be better fun for me than sitting in that stuffy school-room while Mildie does her physics, and I'd bring you home the back way and keep you out of scrapes with Mary Anne."

"Thank you," said Christabel, smiling, as she compared the different kinds of protection that it seemed just now to be her fate to have thrust upon her; "but where are my parcels? You have not let Mary Anne make away with them, I hope."

"Oh, no, she only threw them into the lamp-closet, because she said she would not have lodgers' parcels lumbering about the hall; but I'll fish them out for you in a minute and carry them up to the top of the house if you'll let me."

Christabel declined his company, under plea of wanting to get up stairs as quietly as possible, and she was conscious of feeling a little sneaky as she passed Mrs. Urquhart's door on tip-toe, to avert the danger of being assailed by the old lady with a shower of questions and remonstrances for having left Katherine alone so long. Had she really been neglecting Katherine for her own pleasure this evening? The strange thing was that a pleasure without Katherine should have been complete enough to make her forget.

If Christabel had been selfish she was punished, for she was not able to make the immediate atonement she had promised herself of taking Katherine into her pleasure by telling her all about it. Katherine's weary pale face and the unwontedly querulous tone of her voice as she asked the cause of her long absence showed that this was no time to begin a long story, a story too that Christabel felt she could only tell comfortably to sympathising ears in a mood to take its humours in good part. The tale of Fortunatus's purse must wait for another time, and live as no dream, even, had ever yet lived alone in Christabel's memory without there being a reflection of it in Katherine's.

Christabel told herself that this disappointment was only one more added to the many troubles, great and small, caused by her sister's illness which had first made her know what it was to feel lonely; yet she was unreasonably depressed when she had to lie down by Katherine's side at

night, with the unconfided events of the evening lying, as she fancied, like a tract of unknown country between them. The pain of this thought kept coming in and out among her dreams and mixing in a fantastic way with recollections of the scenes of the evening, till she was recalled from uneasy slumber by the sound of the church bells ringing in the Christmas morning. She sat up in bed, resolved to shake off the vague discomfort to which she had awakened, and as she recalled the night visions to dismiss them, she hardly knew whether to laugh or shudder when she found that the most persistent of them had been one in which she saw herself intreating the companion of her late walk, in the guise of the "little grey Master," to take back his purse in exchange for her shadow, with the loss of which she thought Katherine was reproaching her.

CHAPTER X.

TWILIGHT.

CHRISTABEL MOORE'S one little bit of Christmas gaiety passed quickly, and for the present seemed to have left no trace behind it. The owner of Fortunatus's purse did not appear again in Air-throne, or make any further demonstration of himself by token or message, and the intimacy that had sprung up during the Christmas Eve walk began to wear a dream-like unreality in Christabel's recollection as of something that could not possibly belong to the world of solid outside fact. The more so as Katherine had a slight relapse during the last week in the year, and showed such unwonted symptoms of despondency and anxiety about Christabel's doings, that somehow or other (Christabel could not quite explain it to herself) the story of her Arabian night remained untold. It lay a weight on her conscience that had never known a reserve from her second self before, and yet a treasure that seemed to grow more precious, more dazzling in dream-like beauty every time she withdrew her-

self into the one unshared corner of her mind where its remembrance was stored, and allowed herself to live over its incidents one by one.

Otherwise the opening month of the new year was a trying time to the two sisters; the first since they had lived alone together when their spirits had failed to rise higher than the difficulties that challenged them, and outside discomfort had been allowed to reflect itself within.

Katherine found the mental irritability and weakness attending on her slow recovery far harder to bear than the suffering of real illness, and could scarcely reconcile herself to herself in such a new state, even by regarding it as an enlightening experience for future use. Christabel was sometimes almost tempted to wish for the days back again when her patient lay passive in her hands, so difficult did she find it to restrain Katherine's eagerness to be at work again, without bringing up the depressing question of what was to become of them if two continued to eat while only one earned. Outside helps to forget this vexed question came seldom and seldom. Even Mrs. Urquhart went away the day after Christmas Day to spend a fortnight with her married daughter in Devonshire, and the doctor took a fit of shyness or prudence, and, when professional visits were no longer necessary, sent up notes of inquiry by Casabianca, and was as seldom seen by the sisters as before Katherine's accident. The Young Wests came and went as usual, but did not bring much brightness with them. Nothing particular had happened, Emmie explained, when questioned tenderly by Christabel to account for certain red circles that surrounded her pretty eyes once or twice when she came up to Air-throne. Nothing new, but—well, it was the beginning of the year, and if Katherine and Christabel did not know what *that* meant in a family like theirs, it was hardly possible to explain. If she must say something it meant—Well, seeing mamma turn pale every time the postman's knock came at the

door, and having it always in one's mind that one must be on the watch to intercept dreary-looking letters which, if they fell into papa's hands, brought a look into his face and a tone into his voice that, on account of the effect they had on mamma, must be kept back at the expense of any amount of vigilance from the rest of the family.—It meant, too, the sorrowful looking over of these missives with mamma at a safe time, and the making of all sorts of painful discoveries.

Emmie had not hitherto been very definite in her complaints to the Moores of home troubles, but one day about this time, when she came up stairs with a little glow of angry red on her cheeks that almost put out the traces of tears round her eyelids, she was moved to open her heart to them respecting a source of vexation and anxiety that had only dawned on herself and Harry after long poring over this year's unpaid bills, though poor mamma had had it weighing on her heart for a long, long time. They (she and Harry) had discovered that papa was not to be trusted with money. No, she did not mean to say exactly that. Mamma would never forgive such words, and Katherine and Christabel must please pay no heed to them, only, alas, they were true. Papa, it seemed, never had, and they feared never would leave off mixing himself up in speculations of the same reckless sort that had ruined him years ago, and in spite of all the experiences he had had, and of all his bitter disappointments, he would still, whenever mamma did not prevent him, keep back part of his salary from her or intercept the rent of the drawing-room to make a private fund to invest in some scheme which he always believed would enrich them this time.

"Of course it never does," said Emmie, in a bitter tone that sounded strangely coming from such sweet lips. "Of course nothing does succeed when papa goes into it, and so of course it ends in our growing poorer and poorer and having longer and longer

unpaid bills for mamma to cry over every dreadful January. It is breaking mamma's heart, and even Harry is angry with papa now that he understands the trouble clearly. You don't know what a dreadful feeling it brings into the house when we find that Harry, whom we always looked to to cheer us, is losing heart at last, so that all our poor little jokes have to be put away, and the school-room is as dull and silent as the other parts of the house. I wonder whether fathers and brothers quite know how hard it is for us women, who have been in the house all day waiting for the evening and planning comforts for them, when they come home too sad and tired to take any notice of what we have been doing? It seems to take all the pleasure and meaning out of our lives. Of course we have always been used to that from papa for years and years, but when Harry's good temper and spirits fail it is almost impossible for mamma and me to struggle on."

"Poor little clinging air-plant!" said Katherine, somewhat patronisingly, as she tried to stroke the angry flush from Emmie's cheek with her firm, cool hand. "When do you mean to strike down roots into soil of your own, that will make you a little more independent of other people's tempers and doings?"

"I don't know," answered Emmie, who was too much in earnest in her present sorrow to care to change the talk into a discussion of Katherine's favourite theories. "I don't think that even working for myself, or having ever such a grand career of my own, would make me indifferent to papa's and Harry's doings. How could it when it has come to such a pass with us that we are being ruined by our father, and that Harry, who has always stood up for papa through everything till now, is losing faith in him at last? Oh, I wonder how successful people feel?—the clever speculators who gain what the foolish ones lose? I wonder what their houses are like, and how they look when they come back to their wives, and their

sons and daughters, and tell them that they are gaining every day, and putting the possibility of poverty and anxiety further and further away from them? Alma could tell me. She knows by this time how the Kirkmans live, and how they behave to each other."

"But you don't envy them?" said Katherine, a little disturbed at the sort of hungry light which came into Emmie's eyes as she spoke the last words. "You don't wish that your father were a successful deceiver, instead of the dupe of other people's cunning? He is very wrong, no doubt; but failure in such a course is a shade better than success."

"Yes," said Emmie suddenly, unclasping the hands she had raised over her head, and relaxing all her strung frame into its usual soft, pliable lines. "Yes, you are right there. I don't envy the Kirkmans—no, I don't. I would not have a splendid house and prosperity that an honest person could not share. I don't put *riches* above *people*, if Alma does. I am only wondering how she has liked her Christmas visit, and perhaps thinking it strange that her new year should begin so differently from mine; that she should be enjoying herself with the winners, while I am finding out all the bitterness that comes to those who lose. Well, Alma may choose the Kirkmans and their splendour, but every one does not feel like her—not every one."

Katherine could have wished that Emmie had said she preferred principles to riches instead of *people*, and that the soft light which put out the anger in her eyes had not suggested some new direction, towards which the air-plant was putting out its tendrils, rather than any resolute taking foothold on soil of its own, such as she recommended. She let the conversation drop here, however, for she saw that Emmie's thoughts had drifted away into a channel where she had no clue to follow her.

Emmie's fancies were the more tempted to stray towards Alma and her late gaieties just now, because

since the beginning of the year one or two little incidents had conspired to restore the Rivers family to that prominent place of importance in the thoughts of their West relations which they had rather forfeited by their neglect before Constance's marriage. Lady Rivers had sent her carriage with an urgent message one day when she was suffering from a severe cold, and caused Mrs. West to dress hastily in her best clothes, and leave her own home-business at a very inconvenient moment, to go and sit with her sister through one of her idle mornings; and Sir Francis himself had actually called in Saville Street one Sunday afternoon, happily interrupting the weekly repetition of the Catechism by the younger children, and had made Mrs. West's heart flutter with wild hopes by asking various questions about the ages and prospects of the boys, and by remarking that Aubrey (Casabianca) was a well-grown, intelligent-looking lad for his age, and ought to be enjoying greater educational advantages than the school he at present attended seemed likely to afford. And besides—only Emmie in all the family knew the link which made this circumstance a besides to the others—Mr. Anstice had taken to dropping in for an hour in the evening at short intervals, and had contrived to make his visits welcome to all the members of the household as an agreeable lightening of the gloom of this dreary season. Mrs. West pleaded the possibility of late visitors as an excuse for bringing Emmie, Harry, and Mildie into the dining-room for the last hour or so before bed-time; and when Mr. Anstice did come in, they were almost a merry family party. Wynyard drew Mildie out about her studies, and won her heart by giving her a better explanation of an algebraic problem than she had got from Katherine Moore, while professing to share Casabianca's awe of her learning all the time. Once or twice the two Moores were invited to take late tea in the dining-room to meet him, and then, when Mr. West

was discovered to be fairly asleep behind his newspaper, they all gathered round the fire and actually achieved a game of capping verses.

"Just as other people do at Christmas time," triumphantly remarked Casabianca, who had stolen in against orders, and who endured the verses for the sake of monopolising a seat next Christabel Moore, and preventing Harry from handing her tea-cup. The mirth and the interest he showed in all that went on were thoroughly genuine on Wynyard's part, for he had long been so shut out from any experience of family life as to be grateful for such a chance participation in it as even this; but Emmie was not blinded to the hope which lay at the bottom of his attraction towards their society, and with a sad little feeling of self-depreciation she made it a point of justice with herself to give him each time he came, at some well-chosen moment, the word or two of news about Alma for which she felt sure he was longing. "Of course," she thought, "it is to hear of Alma, not to sit an hour in our dull house, that he, who can make himself welcome anywhere, takes the trouble of seeking us, and laying himself out to please us. It would be cheating him to let him go away without what he comes for." She feared that in taking his wishes thus for granted she was perhaps assuming a closer intimacy than the extent of their acquaintance really warranted, but Alma's name slipped almost involuntarily from her lips on the first opportunity that came; and when once such an amount of private understanding had been established between them, it seemed useless to go back from it. "Yes," she had said, on the occasion of Mr. Anstice's first call after Christmas, when he and she chanced to be standing a little apart from the rest, and he had hesitatingly ventured a remark that tended in that direction—"yes, they did go to Golden Mount two days before Christmas, and they stayed till the end of the first week in the new year. I don't know

how Alma enjoyed the visit, and I am afraid I shall not have an opportunity of asking her, for Aunt Rivers took a severe cold in coming home, and is full of anxiety just now about her own health. She sent for mamma, and told her that on account of her illness she should not give the usual Christmas party, to which Harry and I have always been invited hitherto."

"It is rather hard on you, is it not, to lose your share of pleasure because other people have been having too much of it?"

Emmie's face flushed up. Did he think her such a baby, or so ignorant of what was due to her, as to be pleased with the sort of entertainment she met with at Aunt Rivers's house?

"I don't think I shall miss it," she said.

"Well, I am not so philosophical as you are. I used to think those Christmas parties at the Rivers's very pleasant, and I saw you there last year, you know."

"In a corner," said Emmie, smiling; and Wynyard, reading the mortifying recollections that lurked in the smile, answered, quickly—

"Yes, we shared the corner together for a good part of the evening, did we not? You took me in when I was feeling myself somewhat in the shade, and wanting some one to countenance me, and I assure you I felt grateful."

A speech, by the way, which won more gratitude and dwelt longer in its hearer's memory than it deserved to do from the amount of meaning it had for the speaker.

On the next occasion there was more shyness in Emmie's manner when the subject was entered upon, and a look of pain in her eyes which startled Wynyard as showing a deeper understanding of his feelings than he liked to realise, perhaps also a knowledge of something kept back for the sake of sparing him.

"Alma was here to-day," Emmie began in an interval of a game at "What is my thought like" which Casabianca had got up. "She came with a message to mamma from Aunt

Rivers, and sat in that chair where you are sitting now, talking for nearly an hour to Mildie and me."

"Indeed"—with a visible effort to speak indifferently, and empty his face of expression. "And I hope that your cousin brought you a better account of Lady Rivers."

"Do you care so much for Aunt Rivers? I thought——"

"That I did not like her," interrupted Wynyard, forced to take up his natural manner again through sheer amusement at Emmie's *naïveté*. "Well, let us change that topic then, and turn to a kindred one in which I hope you will allow me to be honestly interested. What prospect is there of Christmas gatherings at the Rivers's for us all?"

Emmie shook her head.

"I don't believe you want to talk about that either. There was nothing said about it, but it is not likely; they are full of other things."

"The splendours of Golden Mount to wit?"

"Perhaps Alma is not really thinking so much about Golden Mount as might be supposed," said Emmie, answering the look that accompanied the question, rather than his words. "I have often noticed that she talks most of what she cares least about. She said there was a grand show, and that the Kirkmans were better bred people than she expected to find them. Mr. Kirkman himself seems to have made a great deal of Alma, and to have given her a prominent part in the acting and everything, though there were people of much higher rank and consequence of the party."

"It does credit to Mr. Kirkman's discrimination. He is no fool, he knows how to help himself, he is choosing his tools to force his way into society with the same judgment as when he built up his fortune."

"Tools! Alma?"

"It was an irreverent expression. I recall it. Let us hope that Mr. Kirkman has for once met his match, and that your cousin is not going to let herself be made a tool of."

Emmie glanced at her father nodding uncomfortably in his high-backed chair.

"Some men are made tools of, I know," she said sorrowfully. "I did not mean that Alma was too wise, only that I did not see how she could be of any use to Mr. Kirkman, who seems to be courted by the grandest people in London. The charade-acting went on for several nights, and Alma enjoyed the magnificent way in which everything was done. She brought Sidney a very beautiful box of bonbons that had been presented to her in some scene she acted in."

"That was a good natural thought at all events."

"Sidney put it into the fire directly she had gone, I made him," said Emmie, lowering her voice and turning away her head to hide the crimson that tingled to the very roots of her hair.

Then while Wynyard was thinking in some surprise that this soft-eyed, grey-robed little girl, who looked so childish and talked so frankly, had stronger feelings and more decided opinions than many more imposing looking specimens of her kind, she looked up again and said quickly, "Did that paper you wrote against speculation ever get printed after all?"

"Yes it did, so long ago that I had almost forgotten it."

"I should like to read it."

"Do you interest yourself in social questions so much?"

"In that one I do. I can't help it. I have to think of it every day, and I wish I had not, for it makes me angry with people I ought not to be angry with, and puts hard thoughts in my head, for which I am more sorry afterwards than any one knows."

Quick-rising tears drowned all the anger in her eyes at the last words, and Wynyard answered kindly, "We all have hard thoughts to repent of now and then. With you they will pass away with the cause that excites them, and they will leave no bitterness behind. We shall soon be allowed to forget the Kirkmans alto-

gether, let us hope. Here is Casabianca coming to ask, 'What our thoughts are like.' Let us try which of us can suggest the furthest away topic from the Kirkmans. Would it be allowable for me to say, 'Miss Emmie West,' and then I should be safe from stumbling upon them again when I am called upon for my comparison."

CHAPTER IX.

HORACE KIRKMAN.

AT the time of the last recorded conversation Alma herself would often have been glad of leave to forget the Kirkmans, for the consequences of the accepted Christmas visit were widening out into more intricate meshes than she had at all bargained for. One more name on their already long visiting list, one more great house whose crowded entertainments they might swell when they pleased, it had not seemed any great matter at first, but—Was it a result of something in the Kirkman character or fortune which doomed them always to swallow up rival interests and swell into colossal bigness wherever they appeared?—it really did seem to Alma now as if this new acquaintance was destined to absorb all their other social ties, and stand out the chief fact in their outside world.

They had been at home some three weeks; but the Kirkman flavour which, as a first result of accepted hospitality, had pervaded their Christmas parties, and overflowed even into the innermost recesses of home life, had not in any degree abated yet. Perhaps some of their old chosen friends were holding aloof in consequence of this new obtrusive element; Alma was not sure, but she felt that somehow or other she was being swept along as in a triumphal procession, or rather involved in the rush of a victorious army on its way to seize the seat of power, and when she perceived that her talents were reckoned on and skilfully used as auxiliary forces in the struggle, she felt put upon her mettle, and could not but take pleasure in proving that

she was more than equal to the expectations she had raised. She saw that she had got among people who appreciated her brilliant social talents as they would never be appreciated in the respectable narrow clique to which the Forrests belonged, and into which her mother by much patient struggle had barely got a precarious foot-hold in all these years. It was a new, more dazzling, more exciting world she was invited to enter, and there were times when its rush and glare and the field for ambition it seemed to offer captivated Alma's imagination, while at other moments she loathed it all. These last were generally the moments when she felt, as she was how often made to feel, that intimacy, or non-intimacy with the Kirkmans was no longer, as at first, a question that her will would have much weight in determining. She had drawn her father into accepting their advances at first, and he had given way with his usual indifference to everything that lay outside his own province; but now he, hardly less than her mother, had fallen under the new influence. He took to admiring Mr. Kirkman as a contrast to Sir John Forrest, and relieved the *pique* which his son-in-law's supercilious dulness constantly provoked, by taking every occasion to launch out in praise of his new friend's shrewd humour and the rough common sense that made his conversation actually worth listening to.

Luckily for Constance, these tirades were generally uttered in the absence of the person at whom they were aimed, and Alma enjoyed one all to herself through a *tête-à-tête* dinner with her father on the evening of the day when she had called in Saville Street, her mother being confined to bed with a rather serious relapse, brought on by her having insisted on going out to attend a grand concert at the Kirkmans, when her doctor had positively forbidden her to leave her room. Sir Francis confined himself to generalities as long as the servants were in the room, but when the dessert was put upon the table and he was alone

with his daughter, the conversation took a more confidential turn. "Yes," he began meditatively, as he proceeded to peel a gigantic, highly-flavoured pear which had come in a basket of splendid fruit sent from the Golden Mount winter-gardens; "yes, that last talk I had with Kirkman two days ago has almost decided me. You may not like the thought of it, Alma, and I am not sure that it will please the lad himself, but I believe it is the best I can do for him. I am thinking of removing your brother Gerald from college—your mother will tell you what reason I have to be discontented with the bills sent to me on his account this term, though Heaven knows his allowance is ampler than I can well afford to make it—and putting him to some sort of business under Mr. Kirkman's protection. He has brains enough for that, I suppose, though he has not been able to make anything out of his residence at Oxford so far but an occasion for spending my money. If I had behaved in my youth as your brothers seem to think themselves justified in behaving now, I wonder where I should have been at this moment?—certainly not supplying my family with the means of living in luxurious idleness."

"I am afraid Gerald is idle, papa; but do you think he is fitted for business? Would he get on with Mr. Kirkman if he took him into partnership?"

"Took him! Mr. Kirkman? your head must be turned indeed, Alma, to entertain such a notion. Millionnaires like Mr. Kirkman don't take idle lads like Gerald into partnership so readily. No, I am not thinking of any such close connection; I am not even sure it would be desirable for Gerald; but Mr. Kirkman's affairs have ramifications in many directions, and he has suggested several possible steps that might be taken for establishing Gerald where his influence would tell immensely in opening the way for him. He is very downright and plain-spoken; a little premature perhaps in stating his wishes and explaining his

motives for offering help; but as for partnership,—Gerald, at all events, is not the member of our family he would choose to confer that distinction upon, if he had it in his power. He is too good a judge of what is worth having for that."

Alma would not see the look of amused intelligence her father directed towards her as he finished his sentence, though she felt it; and to turn back the conversation from the dangerous direction it was taking, said quickly,—

"I always thought you hoped to get some Government appointment for Gerald if he failed at Oxford. Every one says you have so much interest!"

"And that I have strained it to the last tug it will bear. Don't you remember the remarks in the papers when Frank was sent out to India? remarks, by the way, which he seems bent on justifying just now. No, no, Alma; I have stretched my conscience too far already on Frank's and Melville's behalf. A public man who has the misfortune to have half-a-dozen fools for his sons should know when to stop in pushing them, unless he means to sink himself and all his belongings together. There have been instances enough of fair reputations ruined in that way; I don't want to swell the number."

Alma made no answer. Her father had got upon the one topic—his sons' incapacities—of which he ever spoke with bitterness, and she knew that if he were not contradicted, his usual cheerful disposition to make the best of things would soon reassert itself. There was a little pause, and then with a sigh which seemed to dismiss a mountain-load of disappointment he went on—

"Well, I suppose there is a great deal of give and take in the way in which this world's affairs are managed. One must not expect to have everything to one's mind. If I had been a weak-minded unlucky old potterer like poor West, for example, I daresay I should have had energetic clever children to work for me, and make a great deal more account of me than if I had

been the making of them. As it is, I suppose I must just broaden out my shoulders to carry the whole kit of you on to the end!"

"Papa," said Alma, whom this comparison with the Wests touched to the quick, "will you tell me exactly what you mean to-day? Are you thinking that I could do anything?"

She rose as she spoke, walked to the end of the table where he was seated, and stood behind his chair, putting her arms round his neck. He turned back his head to look up at her, the cloud quite gone from his face, and a playful affectionate smile hovering round his lips and in his eyes.

"Am I getting so very feeble," he asked, "that you suggest your white shoulders as a substitute for mine? No, no, my child. Here, sit down quite close to me that we may talk out our case comfortably together. If I know myself, I have nothing in my mind about you, beyond a wish that you should do what is best for yourself, and what you *like* best in any decision you may be called upon to make soon. Of course with a needy clique like ourselves, if one gets very considerably up in the world, it gives a hand to all the rest; but I was not making you the subject of any vicarious ambitions, I assure you. Don't imagine that I am making an appeal to you for help; my arm feels strong enough yet to pull all my belongings through, even if they continue to be such a dead weight behind me as Frank and Melville and Gerald have contrived to prove themselves this last year."

"But it is very hard on you. I wish—Oh! how I wish——"

"That heads could be changed," said Sir Francis, drawing his hand knife-wise across Alma's slender throat. "If we could just take off this head with all there is in it, and put it on Frank's shoulders, there might be a chance of a judge's wig for it some day, while his straight features and crisp black curls and company-smirk would do very well for the head ornament of a petticoat balloon—would not they?"

"Do you mean," said Alma, drawing back her head a little hastily, "that you quite despair of my being of any use—any satisfaction to you as I am; won't you condescend to want anything from me?"

"Only that you should be happy, and not make any mistake in your start in life. I don't deny it is a mortification to me that none of your brothers seem in the least likely to make a figure in the world, or that I should not be glad to see the one child who can sympathise with me, in a position where the little bit of wit she has perhaps inherited from me, could be shown to advantage. I thought Agatha had brains once, and that she would be a pleasure to me; but she chose to bury herself in a convent, and I gave my consent rather than thwart her, and I will be equally indulgent to you all. If you choose to stick yourself in a corner, or even to bring another impracticable upon me in the shape of a pseudo-social reformer we wot of, I won't grumble, but—well, I will be candid with you, child, to-night, as you ask it—the other thing would make me happier."

It was early days to speak about that "other thing," for though Alma and everybody about her had seen it hovering nearer and nearer for some weeks, no shape of words had, as yet, been given to it, so far as Alma's knowledge went. Her father must then know more than she did; Mr. Kirkman must have been speaking to him about his son's feelings—no, intentions—the idea of Mr. Kirkman speaking about *feelings* was too absurd. The discovery did not make Alma blush—the subject had for her no possibility in it of calling up a blush; but her heart stirred with a strong emotion, which might be fear or elation, but which was due chiefly to the thought of the consequence she might be to her father. She said nothing more, but drew a dish towards her and began silently to pick out the choicest specimens of Golden Mount fruit to take up stairs to her mother, Brobdignagian grapes of the rarest flavour, and yellow

bananas with no flavour at all, but which her mother liked to eat because they had ripened in hot-houses that were the wonder of the county round for the skill and expense it cost to keep them up to the pitch of perfection Mr. Kirkman required in all his belongings.

"Papa," she said, as her fingers laid the last bunch on the pyramid she had been building, "did you ever read *Patronage*?"

"A novel of Miss Edgeworth's? Why, yes, I think I did, to your mother on our wedding journey. There is a bad lawyer in it, is there not? who is always trying to hook his children on to some one else. Were you pointing a moral at me, my dear? I don't feel very guilty!"

Before Alma had time to disclaim, a servant entered and gave a visiting card to Sir Francis Rivers.

"Horace Kirkman to inquire after Lady Rivers. You can show him in here to me, Preston." Then as the servant left the room and Alma rose to carry off her fruit, Sir Francis added—

"That young man is a frequent visitor, certainly; but I can put up with him, he has something to say for himself. Old Kirkman is a luckier fellow than I am; he has only one son, and he has contrived somehow to give him a good deal of the polish that a rise in the world makes desirable, with hardly any diminution of the pluck and energy that built up his fortune. There must be some satisfaction in sending an improved edition of oneself into the world to carry on one's work."

"Papa," said Alma, smiling, "you forget that you are a Lord Justice, and must not condescend to turn advocate again. When you first saw Mr. Horace Kirkman, I remember you said he was nothing but a frank, overgrown Eton schoolboy."

"Yes, but one of the right sort, with what the Americans call grit in him, and plenty of force and determination, so as to be all the better for growing up slowly. I hate your *blasé*

old men of twenty-two, and am not over-fond of world-philosophers of twenty-six either. But what am I about! You must not misunderstand me, child, I make no pretension to overrule your judgment. You are going up to sit with your mother now, I suppose? Do as you like, *just* as you like, about coming down to the drawing-room again this evening."

"I shall certainly come back, papa, if mamma can spare me, and relieve you by the time you have had Alpine climbing and athletics enough to send you to sleep," said Alma, who was more deeply touched by the look of tender consideration, almost of deference that accompanied her father's last words than she could have been by any amount of persuasion. She paused and stooped to kiss his forehead before she left him, though she felt that the action and the promise she had just given were first steps in yielding a great deal more than she had as yet quite made up her mind to yield. The consequence of this delay was that she came upon the hastily-entering visitor in the doorway with her dish of fruit in one hand. "An improved edition of the elder Kirkman — Yes, certainly, her father was right there," Alma thought, as she raised her eyes to a sunburnt bluff face, that was just then one smile of delight at seeing her, and yielded her disengaged hand to a shake that would have been boisterous if the giver of it had not felt a sudden check—a touch of wonder and tenderness, awakened by the contrast between his rough, red palm, and the "white wonder of a hand" that lay in it.

"You are going away already, Miss Rivers?" he exclaimed in a tone of vexation. "Can't I carry those things anywhere for you? No! to Lady Rivers' room, you say, and I should disturb her. Too clumsy, in fact—but what am I good for but to fetch and carry for you? You will come back, though, won't you? My people are gone to the opera to hear Patti, and I gave up going with them to come here, hoping you would sing that

song to me we talked about last night. I have got it here in my pocket; just let me show it to you."

"You had better have gone to hear Patti," Alma said, mentally registering a vow never to mention anything she could be supposed to desire to a Kirkman again, for fear of having it thrust upon her. "However, I will come down to the drawing-room by and by, if mamma can spare me. She is not very well to-night."

Lady Rivers was dozing when Alma got up stairs, and she had time for a good deal of thought as she sat by the bedroom fire, waiting till her mother was ready to talk to her. She covered her face with her hands to shut out even the subdued light of the fire, while she mentally went through her late conversation with her father word by word, but no idle tears streamed through her fingers on this occasion. She was too much in earnest in her thinking now to take the tear-provoking, sentimental view of the question she had to determine. She wished the crisis had not come so soon. She wished people would let her alone, just till some sore places in her mind—or heart, was it!—were more nearly healed. She wished vaguely that all the good of a woman's life did not depend on decisions that were thrust upon her, not brought by her own will, or at her own time. She wished that it were possible to wipe out whole pages of memory and leave them clean and blank for fresh writing. Looks, tones of voice, the remembrance of long talks on summer evenings, or in nooks by Christmas fires, when thought, too quick for words, leaped out to meet thought—if these were to fit in with nothing that matched them in after life, what a constant ache their memory would be! How hard to bear the gnawing hunger to look at them again which must never be satisfied, never! If such recollections could be washed away, burned away, by any alchemy—if memory were a live thing, and could be made to drink molten gold like Crassus, and be suffocated by the draught—then—

then—her father's wishes might have some reason in them; and a life satisfactory enough might be now opening out before her.

From this point her thoughts became less collected, and merged into a succession of pictures of herself in contrasted situations, beneath each of which she mentally wrote the word "bearable" or "unbearable;" and all the time it never occurred to her that it was mainly of herself she was thinking—of her own importance to her father, of the way in which her own family and friends would esteem her—of the possibility of forgetting and ceasing to suffer—of the sufficiency of the lot she might choose to her own requirements, as bringing her the manner of life most congenial to her tastes. She fancied she was preparing for an heroic sacrifice; but the subtle poison of self-regard lay under all her thoughts and purposes, putting the true womanly instincts, the enlightening intuitions of real self-forgetting love, far away from her.

Lady Rivers woke up before anything like a resolution had grown out of these cogitations, and Alma had to apply herself to the task of soothing away the fretfulness that usually attended her mother's awakening. Lady Rivers did not make such a tractable invalid as her sister, Mrs. West, who had gone through a long apprenticeship to suffering of one kind or another, and who could not afford to make much of small ailments.

Lady Rivers's invalid mood vacillated between a desire to claim all the pity and consideration from husband, children, and friends which the rare occurrence of her illness called for; and the revulsion she felt when their concern grew real enough to rouse thoughts of her own danger, and drive her to frantic efforts to prove to herself that her health was as good as it had been years ago. Having been reassured about her condition by her doctor just before she slept, she awoke in the fretful, complaining state of temper.

"No, I have not had a comfortable rest," she said, when Alma came to the bedside to offer the fruit she had brought up stairs. "I must have closed my eyes just as you came in, for the dinner hour seemed very long, and I could hear your voices whenever the dining-room door opened. Your father must have been talking all the time very amusingly, I daresay, as he never does when I'm down stairs—I've observed it hundreds of times, you need not contradict me, Alma—you and he will get on very well together, and settle the affairs of the family all your own way when I am quite laid aside. No one will miss me, I daresay, but my poor Gerald, whom your father is so hard upon. He has been complaining of Gerald to you, perhaps."

"Hardly that," said Alma, "and indeed, mamma, you should not allow yourself to grow low-spirited. You will be as well as ever, and among us again in a few weeks, if you will only be prudent. Dr. Urquhart told you so this afternoon, now, did not he?"

"Yes, but after all, Dr. Urquhart is only a young man, whom I was induced to call in because your Aunt West tells me such astonishing things of his skill. I hope he is not making a mistake about me. There is consumption in my family, and I was quite shocked to see how thin your poor Aunt West looked when she called here the other day."

"But you are not thin, mamma, happily."

"I am sure it's a wonder I'm not, when you think of all there is to harass me. Your father's displeasure against Gerald, and your intractable temper, Alma, that will make you, I know, go against my wishes whenever a chance arises of something I should particularly like happening to you. I say nothing of the miserable separation from Agatha, nor of my disappointment at seeing so little of Constance, that really she might almost as well have married young Lawrence, and gone out to India, for any comfort she

is likely to be to me now. Your Aunt West is luckier than I am in keeping her children about her, and getting them to behave affectionately and dutifully at home. I often think how nice it must be for her to have a cheerful-tempered daughter like Emmie, whom she feels justified in keeping always at home to wait on her—because there are no other prospects open to her but just to make herself useful in her own family."

"If you could reconcile yourself to such prospects for me, mamma, I should only be too glad," Alma said, not quite truthfully, as her conscience told her the minute she had spoken. "At all events, let me stay to-night and read to you; there is nothing I should like better," she added, feeling perfectly sincere now. It really did come like a reprieve to her—to escape a return to the guest in the drawing-room, and that nice adjustment of manner between repression and encouragement which her present vacillating turn of mind rendered necessary.

The book Alma took up was a volume of religious meditations adapted to a time of sickness, left by Mrs. West the week before, and every sentence she read sounded like a sarcasm to Alma as addressed to the invalid on whose behalf she was giving expression to counsels of submission and detachment from earthly cares. Possibly Lady Rivers only heard the musical cadences of Alma's voice flowing evenly on, without taking in much of the meaning of what she read, for she was apparently listening all through the lecture, for indications of movement in other parts of the house. Presently she lifted up her head quickly.

"The dining-room door opened just now, and I thought I heard two sets of footsteps going up to the drawing-room. Is not your father alone to-night?"

"Mr. Horace Kirkman came in just as I was leaving the dining-room with a message of inquiry for you from Mrs. Kirkman. I forgot to tell you."

"Forgot! really, Alma, I have no

patience with you; and you sit here as if you did not know you were wanted in the drawing-room. Of course you must go at once."

"Not if you would like me to stay, mamma. Let me at least finish this chapter about illness, being a call to renounce worldly-mindedness, which Aunt West, you see, has scored with double lines all down the page."

"My dear, what nonsense! What does all that signify when Horace Kirkman is waiting down stairs to see you? You can send Ward to me, or if she is still at supper, I don't mind being left alone, not in the least, when you are so well occupied. I would not keep you from Horace Kirkman on any account. Kiss me before you go, however, Alma. You may not think it, but I have done the best for you all that I knew how, ever since you were born, and I never mind being neglected or anything when it's a question of advancement for any of you."

Alma gave the kiss required, shut up the book of devotional essays, whose teaching seemed so very wide of the mark just now, and went down stairs.

"It was true," she said to herself on the way, quite true. It was *her* advancement that both her parents desired, only that. They wanted her to have what they cared most for and had prized most themselves. Why should she feel indignation against them when she perceived the manoeuvres that thrust advancement nearer and nearer to her? Did she not, at the bottom of her heart, or if *heart* was the wrong word, of her *mind*, desire it for herself? Was it not her chief good too? She was still in a contradictory, uncertain mood when she reached the drawing-room, and she resisted all Mr. Kirkman's efforts to induce her to try the music he had brought for her. She would hold on to the privilege of playing music of her own choosing and purchasing for some little time longer, at all events, she thought; and besides, a *tête-à-tête* at the piano would have reminded her too closely of another evening's *tête-à-*

tête, whose incidents and emotions she had no desire to dwell upon just then.

To break the spell she placed herself as far from the piano as possible, under the full light of a chandelier, and armed herself with a large embroidery-frame, which she flattered herself would convey a hint of unapproachableness that a person of the smallest sensitiveness would not fail to interpret. But Mr. Horace Kirkman was not sensitive in the least degree. If she would have consented to sing to him in a far-away corner of the room he would have liked it, but since that did not please her, he was almost as well content to sit astride a drawing-room chair planted as immediately in front of her as the embroidery-frame permitted, and crossing his arms on the back and propping his chin thereon, to look at her and talk at his ease without fear of interruption. It was true that he had plenty to say for himself, and not altogether foolish things either. Alma looked up from her work at the end of any sentence that chanced to call for an answer (monologue about his own affairs was Mr. Horace Kirkman's habit rather than conversation), and met sensible eyes full of admiration and liking fixed unflinchingly on her. There was no shy reverent veiling of feeling in them, for she was not a mystery or an ideal to him, and carried no halo of unapproachable purity and glory about her head; she was just a beautiful, stylish woman, whom he liked heartily, and thought every way fitted to share the successful jolly life he meant his to be, and he did not much care how soon or how late she understood him, being pretty confident of getting what he wanted in the end. The big, strong, self-assertive face, full of blunt common sense and directness of purpose, would, no doubt, Alma allowed, have been attractive to some women, for some might even have realised their highest ideal of a desirable lord and master to whom a submissive life might be dedicated.

To some women, perhaps, but not to her. She might take him for her own. She would have to bow down if she did take him, she would have to grow to his likeness in the end contentedly enough, perhaps, but such taking would always be to her conscience a distinct choosing the world. The world instead of something else, some vague ideal that might have been better, though her eyes were not purged enough to see it clearly, and become out-and-out enamoured of its beauty. Here Alma had to look up and smile at the point of an anecdote Mr. Kirkman had just finished, relating to some adventure of his own in foreign travel, and she managed the necessary smile, not very meaningfully, perhaps, but with quite expression enough to satisfy her present companion, and then, looking down, she resumed her reflections, which gradually crystallised into something as like a purpose as reflections of this kind usually produce.

She resolved that she would not allow herself to be hurried into an irrevocable promise to Horace Kirkman, but at the same time she did not determine to set herself seriously against the current of events that were, she knew, bearing her steadily on to that point in the end. She was not strong enough for such a course, not sure enough of her own wishes, or, she said to herself, of the real wishes of that other person whose want of determination to win her as she wished to be won was perhaps the real grievance that lay at the bottom of her vacillation and of the dull fire of pain and indignation she was trying to trample out into dead ashes in her heart. What justice there might be in giving this dead heart in exchange for the honest liking she thought of appropriating she did not ask herself, and she dismissed the question with a reflection that a Kirkman might surely be trusted to look after his own interest and get of everything he wanted as much or more than he deserved.

To be continued.

THE AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA.

ENGLISH critics have failed to realise the true significance of the Austrian occupation of Bosnia. It is not a mere step towards the disintegration of Turkey in Europe. It is not a mere compensation to the "Monarchy" for the loss of Lombardy and Venice, or an equivalent for Kars and Batoum. Rather it is part of a far greater process, bringing with it as one of its results the certain dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy as at present understood.

To begin with, not to waste words, let us call the proceeding "annexation" at once. The whole thing had been resolved upon at least as early as 1875, and well before the troubles in Bosnia and Herzegovina had begun to attract the attention of Europe. The project had always been a favourite one with the Emperor Francis Joseph, and when the Austrian agents in the two Turkish provinces indicated by their reports that Ottoman misrule was about to bear its inevitable fruits, and that a Christian insurrection was imminent, the Court and Military Party in Vienna resolved to profit by it. To this end the Emperor's Dalmatian journey was planned. Every effort was made to give it the air of a great political demonstration. The Dalmatian Slavs were flattered. The insurgents took heart. When the Emperor left Dalmatia the frontier officials had got their cue to favour the insurrection. Were it worth while, I could bring forward the most convincing evidence on this head. Reinforcements — Dalmatians, Croats, Serbs, Slovenes, Bohemians, Italians — were allowed to pass into Bosnia and Herzegovina unhindered. The committees in the various Dalmatian and Croatian towns were allowed to collect military stores for their insurgent kinsmen, which were trailed across the frontier at various spots that might be named, under the very eyes of the Austrian

officials. Russia was not then ready, and the Austrian "peacemaker" would willingly have received the European mandate for the tranquillisation of Bosnia at that moment. But that did not suit St. Petersburg. While Russia prepared to make her voice heard in the future resettlement, the Serbian and Montenegrin war served her as an intermezzo. Austria was kept waiting; Hungary grew restive, and sops had to be thrown to the Magyars. It became necessary to kidnap a few insurgent leaders and to seize a few rusty cannon, which was effected by the Austrian authorities with a great flourish of trumpets. Lest the Hungarians should suspect the Cabinet of Vienna of any secret complicity with the aspirations of the Serbian national party in Bosnia, Count Andrássy could point to the fact that between the autumn of 1875 and the summer of 1878 from sixty to a hundred thousand Bosnian refugees of Serbian or Orthodox belief perished on Austro-Hungarian soil from hunger, exposure, and their attendant diseases. Passive atrocity and active chicane both served their turn.

So the time came when the current of events was too strong for Magyar opposition. The military party had its way, and the European mandate was obtained from the Congress of Berlin for the entry of the Austro-Hungarian troops into Bosnia. Count Andrássy still talked of "temporary" occupation; but soldiers have a habit of plain speaking, and General Philipovich, in addressing a deputation of the citizens of Slavonian Brood on the very eve of the passage of the Save, after hinting at the difficulties that might be experienced from the present race of Bosnians, did not hesitate to express his conviction that "*under wise government the next generation would grow up loyal subjects of the Emperor-King.*" Less began to be talked, even at Pesth, about the purely temporary

character of the occupation. The Hungarians were now told that the troops were going into Bosnia "to put down the Serbs." It was a measure "for the protection of the Mahometan population of Bosnia and Herzegovina." Count Andrassy would fain have posed as "the friend of Turkey." But unfortunately for this official theory the astute Asiatic would throw difficulties into the way of the conclusion of the Convention which was to smooth over all the Count's difficulties. The Porte easily perceived that whether the Court of Vienna was sincere or not in its professions, Austria, once in possession of Bosnia, would never willingly resign its grip. The temporary occupation theory was obviously a hollow pretence, and that being the case, why should the Sultan's advisers court the implacable hostility of Moslem fanaticism just to gratify Austrian vanity with a diplomatic triumph? The Porte knew besides that it was powerless to control the will of the Bosnian population.

There was just this difference between the policy of the military party and that of Count Andrassy. The Count seriously wished to make things pleasant for the Turks, and to use Bosnia as a lever for fresh diplomatic influence at Stamboul. The Generals and Fieldmarshal-lieutenants did not care a rap about the Turks. What *they* wanted was to test their new reserve organisation, to gain a province, and—it might be—to stand a fair chance of a shindy. Once more the Military Party triumphed, and this time in bloodshed.

There was something dramatic in the transformation of Austrian policy which resulted from the desperate resistance of the Bosnian Mahometans. Although the Austrian Consul-General in Serajevo, Herr Wassich, had repeatedly warned the Government that resistance was to be apprehended, his warnings seem to have been little heeded. The only chance of avoiding bloodshed lay in making an exhibition of force so imposing that even the most fanatic of the native Begs should see in the Swabian invasion the irre-

sistible decree of Kismet. But the Cabinet of Vienna preferred to run the risk of encouraging opposition to confessing by the magnitude of its preparations that Bosnia was implacably hostile to its pacifiers. General Philippovich is said to have asked for 150,000 men. He was allowed little more than half that number.

Still it was generally believed at head-quarters—as I myself can testify—that the troops, in sporting parlance, would have a "walk over." The Save was crossed, and the first day's march was signalled by nothing more inconvenient than the breakdown of the commissariat, a hurricane, and flood. Flattering deputations of Turkish functionaries had audiences with the Commander-in-Chief. Correspondents—among whom I must rank myself—then present in the camp, had ample opportunity for imbibing the official theory of the occupation as it existed up to that moment. This opportunity was supplied them, free gratis and for nothing, by the presence at head-quarters of an agent of the Austrian Official Press Bureau, who had been despatched from Vienna to supply correspondents with the only authentic information, and to kindly correct their telegrams when at variance with official "Austrian" notions. This gentleman (whom I have never ceased to regard as the highest product of "Austrian" civilisation) was at this juncture employed in disseminating among the representatives of the press a series of formulas all most laudatory of the official Ottoman. We heard very little about the native Bosnians at all, but very much about the Turkish Mutessarifs, and Kaimakams, and Mudirs, who for their exemplary subservience were to retain their offices under the ægis of his Apostolic Majesty. It did not strike this gentleman as at all strange that Austrian intervention should be employed to maintain undisturbed the scum of Ottoman corruption. But that was the way the wind blew at that moment from Vienna, and the gentleman with the wooden accent worked like a windmill.

What I may call "the Andrassy period" of the occupation lasted only three days and five hours. There was at head-quarters a Captain Milinkovich, who having been Austrian Vice-Consul at Serajevo, was attached to the general staff as capable of giving valuable advice. Rumours of impending opposition in the passes of the Upper Bosna valley began to pour in; but Captain Milinkovich, who "knew the Bosnians," expressed very decided opinions that it would all end in smoke. Give him, he said, a squadron of hussars and a sufficient sum of money, and he would ride forward and buy provisions in the very pass where the insurgents were supposed to be. The Vice-Consul and the fifth squadron of the seventh hussars were despatched on their mission. A day's ride brought them to Maglaj. From Maglaj they rode forward next morning towards Zepahe—more than half of them never to return. One of the surviving hussars spurred his exhausted horse into camp with the news that the bulk of that splendid troop lay slain and mutilated in the defile beyond Maglaj, and from that moment the pacific period of the occupation was at an end. The whole fabric of the official "theory" collapsed. Martial law had to be proclaimed, and two days later the disillusionment was completed by the discovery that battalions of Turkish regular troops were fighting in the ranks of the "insurgents." From that moment General Philippovich and not Count Andrassy was master of the situation; if indeed events in Bosnia could be described as even under the General's control.

The officials at Vienna were not quite beaten yet, however. A desperate effort was at first made to show that the resistance in Bosnia was due to the "Panslavists" and the Serbian element of the population, and not to the benevolent Turkish officials and the steady-going native Mahometans. But facts were too strong even for this revised edition of the official theory. Christian insurgents do not bear before them green flags with a crescent

device. It was soon confessed, even by the official world, that the force against which Austria had to contend in Bosnia was mainly, if not exclusively, inspired by Mahometan fanaticism. The Head Centre of the "Insurgents" was the fanatical Hadji Loya, who, wounded, standing on a minaret, directed the fearful struggle in the streets of Serajevo. The other commanders, almost to a man, were Begs, or great native landholders, the renegade descendants of the old Slavonic nobility of Bosnia as it existed before the Turkish conquest. What rayah insurgents there were—and it must be remembered that the Christian insurrection against the Turkish Government and the Mahometan landlords had prolonged itself down to the very moment of the Austrian invasion—wisely resolved for the most part to submit to the new "occupants." The hands in Southern Bosnia under their chief, Golub Babich, sent a friendly deputation to General Jovanovich, and one band at least, but these chiefly Roman Catholics, gave active assistance to the Emperor's troops.

As to the attitude of Serbia and Montenegro, a very elementary knowledge of the actual position of affairs in the Illyrian triangle would serve to exonerate the little principalities from the charge of lending active assistance to the Mahometans of Bosnia. Hateful as the Austrian occupation is to both Serbs and Montenegrins, fatal as it appears to them to be to the greater aspirations of Serbian race, there is at present a very active factor to be considered, which has the effect of almost forcing Serbia and Montenegro for the moment into the Austrian camp. The agitation of this spring in Albania which originated on the publication of the original treaty of St. Stefano, and which culminated in the formation of the Albanian League, did not attract nearly the attention it deserved. The Congress of Berlin seems to have taken very little count of the Albanians. But, as diplomatists have been rudely reminded by the murder of Mehemet

Ali, the Skipetar is quite capable of asserting his existence, and the Albanian League has pledged itself to resist to the uttermost a settlement which hands over to Serbia, Montenegro, and Austria, territories where part of the population at least is Skipetar, and which Albanian pride has always included within the national limits. It was natural that community of interest should lead the Albanians to seek an alliance with the Bosnian Begs, and there can be no doubt that even in the earliest engagements Albanian volunteers were fighting in the Bosnian ranks against the hated Swabians. Indeed I noticed one myself among the slain after the storming of the "insurgent" camp at Maglaj. But as the Austrians advance into the pashalik of Novipazar, where a perceptible Albanian ingredient is to be found among the native population, they may expect to be opposed by a more formidable contingent. The difficulties of any advance along that narrow mountain neck which acts as a wall of partition between Serbia and Montenegro, and which forms the wasp's waist between Bosnia and Albania, are so great that Austria might well be inclined to bid for something more than the benevolent neutrality of these two free Serbian principalities. Serbia, anxious as to Kurshumlje and Leshkovatz, Montenegro not yet in possession of her new acquisitions in the Moratcha valley, might well be desirous of securing Austrian aid against Albanian opposition.

To an outsider an actual alliance dictated by these obvious common interests between the Monarchy, and its two small Slavonic neighbours might have been considered at least within the bounds of possibility. Such, however, has been rendered almost out of the question by the frantic impolicy of Austro-Hungarian statesmen, which has devoted two years to repressive measures against the Serbs within the borders of the Empire-Kingdom, and to thwarting the legitimate aspirations of the Serbian principalities outside the Austrian limits.

This "Austrian" policy, which reached its lowest depth of meanness in the efforts to cut off Montenegro from the sea-coast, to which she had fought her way, and in the actual ravishment of Spizza from the hands of its liberators, has borne its natural fruit. Although political considerations, due principally to the attitude of the Albanians, have led Serbia proper, Montenegro, and the majority of the Pravoslav population of Bosnia to hold aloof from the contest, a minority of Bosnian Serbs have actually joined the Begs and made common cause with them against the Austrians.

As to what that struggle may bring forth, even in the immediate future, it would be hardly wise to hazard a prediction. That Austria-Hungary will ultimately succeed in her present undertaking, is probable enough; but at what a cost in men and money! With what far-reaching effect on her own internal constitution, and leaving behind her what a heritage of hate! Already we see the conflict spreading from Bosnia to Albania, nor is it possible to say what freak of Magyar animosity, what triumph of Italian or Muscovite intrigue might not convert the temporarily politic neutrality of the Pravoslavs into active hostility. And yet, paradox as it may seem, the opposition which the Austrian troops are encountering from the Bosnian fanatics might no doubt be urged as the best justification for the present solution of the Bosnian difficulty. Before order and good government of any kind could be re-established in the province, it was necessary to break the power of the haughty and oppressive ruling caste, whose tyranny provoked three years ago that "beginning of evils," the agrarian uprising of the Christian Serbs. The very desperation with which the Begs and their Mahometan supporters are resisting the "Swabian" invaders only shows their inexorable determination to accept no compromise. They at least have fully realised the issue that was at stake, so far as they themselves were concerned: the overthrow of their caste privileges,

the intrusion of the hated Giaour, and the raising of the despised Rayah to an equality with themselves; and they have chosen to die hard. "I tell you," said one of the leading Begs of Bosnia to me, "the lot of the Rayah shall be worse than before." "Rather than submit to that," said another, speaking then of Midhat's Constitution, and the threatened equality of the Rayah, "we will shut ourselves up in our houses, with our wives and our children, and with our own hands we will slay our wives and our children, and last of all we will cut our own throats with our own handjars."¹ It is certainly hard to see who, besides Austria, could have been intrusted with the reduction of *intransigentes* such as these. Europe could hardly have called upon the Porte to undertake a war against the true-believing Bosnian subjects on behalf of Rayah outlaws. The Pravoslav majority of the Bosnian population would certainly have preferred the intervention of Serbia—but was Serbia equal to the task? Austria, both as a border-state chronically affected by the disturbances in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and as the official guardian of the hundred thousand and odd Rayah refugees from those provinces, still lingering out their exile on her borders, had certainly some claim to interfere, while her military might alone qualified her to interfere with some prospect of success. Only, that salutary measure was too long postponed. Only, it was so inaugurated that Mahometan fanaticism did not feel at once the paralysing arm of Kismet. Only, it was entered upon at last after Austria-Hungary had courted for years the hostility of the Christian as well as the Infidel population of Bosnia.

Let us assume, however, that Austria-Hungary ultimately succeeds even now in breaking down the native resistance. The inevitable consequence will be, so far as can be foreseen, the

incorporation of the hardly-conquered province in the Hapsburg Monarchy. But this involves at the outset fundamental changes in the Constitution of the Empire-Kingdom.

The question at once arises—To which half of the Monarchy is Bosnia to belong?² So far as historic claims are to be allowed, it is evident that this old fief of the Crown of St. Stephen should be assigned to the Hungarian kingdom. Down at least to the Treaty of Passarovitz, in 1718, the Hapsburg Kings of Hungary asserted their titular claim to Bosnia. So far again as geographical considerations weigh, it is evident that Bosnia belongs by nature to that part of the Monarchy which possesses Slavonia and Croatia, and this consideration again assigns it to Hungary. But Dalmatia, as being merely a strip of Bosnian and Herzegovinian coastland, cut off by the maritime rapacity of Venice, and inherited by Austria, must go with the mainland provinces. One of the evident advantages that would accrue from the annexation of Bosnia is the reunion of the Illyrian midlands with their seacoast. It would be preposterous to suppose that by placing Bosnia in Magyar hands, and leaving Dalmatia in Austrian, as it is at present, the mainland province should be perpetually debarred from its natural commercial outlets on the Adriatic; and the littoral province as perpetually cut off from its *Hintenländer* by the vexatious financial barriers with which either half of the Monarchy walls off the other. But supposing Hungary accepted Bosnia and Dalmatia, what then? It follows that the Magyar state, already over-weighted with Slavonic populations, would be fairly swamped, and Magyar hegemoné might anticipate its natural end by at least a generation.

Supposing on the other hand Hungary refuses the gift of Bosnia, with Dalma-

¹ I have recorded this speech in my *Illyrian Letters—Correspondence from the Illyrian Provinces of Bosnia, &c., addressed to the "Manchester Guardian."* London: Longmans. 1878. P. 102.

² I have here summarised some considerations, into which I entered more fully in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, from Agram, July 18th last.

tia, as it must be, attached, it is perfectly obvious that she must also forego the possession of Slavonia and Croatia.

The so-called "Triune Kingdom of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia, occupied, be it observed, by the same Serbo-Croatian race that peoples Bosnia and the Principalities, has been hitherto split in two—most conveniently for the German and Magyar Government administrators at Vienna and Pesth—by a wedge of Turkish territory. But assuming that Austria successfully "occupies" and incorporates Bosnia, what was formerly a wall of division between the Slavonic provinces will become a bridge of territory uniting them. Hitherto the Governments of Pesth and Vienna have, by the famous dualistic arrangement, coolly portioned out and shared between them the old Triune Kingdom: Hungary taking Croatia and Slavonia, while Dalmatia fell to Cisleithania. "*Divide et Impera*," alike with German bureaucrat and Magyar magnate, that has been hitherto the leading principle in controlling the destinies of the Southern Slavs. In the future the natural union between the four provinces of Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, and Bosnia will be too strong for such artificial separation.

But supposing the Triune Kingdom, by the addition of Bosnia become quadripartite, is taken by Austria, this arrangement would be hardly less fatal to Magyar aspirations than the other. The Croatian under-kingdom divorced from Hungary, she would lose that which it has been her perpetual ambition to possess—a sea-coast. The three Slavonic provinces added to the Austrian half of the Monarchy which holds already Dalmatia *de facto*, Cisleithania would assume a preponderance intolerable to the Hungarian half of the Dual State.

There remains a third alternative, the grouping of these South Slavonic provinces into a third body politic, and their detachment from both Cisleithania and Transleithania. In other words, there remains that last desperate expedient of Austrian statesmen, the re-

constitution of the Monarchy on a "trial" in place of a dual basis. A pleasant outlook indeed for future Tizsas and Auerspergs—a triple compromise! But stranger events than the incorporation of the German portion of the Empire—of the true Austria—in its natural Fatherland may well have taken place before a Hapsburg monarch reigns as Illyrian king in Agram or Serajevo.

At present we are more exclusively concerned with the fate of Bosnia; and the very gravity of the constitutional questions to which its future position in the Monarchy must inevitably give rise may justify us in assuming that some provisional arrangement, such as that with which the inhabitants of the Military Confines are well acquainted, will be continued in the province. Martial law will, in one form or another, be prolonged, perhaps by the very necessities of the case. Bosnia will remain dependent on the War Office at Vienna, and "will become," to quote the pregnant words of an eminent Croat, "an exaggerated version of the Military Frontier." The ultimate settlement cannot indeed be staved off for ever, but measures will be taken which may be supposed to facilitate the ultimate solution in a sense favourable to "Austrian" ideas.

What those "ideas" were at the moment of the passage of the Save I have already pretty well indicated. Austria entered Bosnia "to put down the Serbs." That was a policy on which some unity of sentiment could be relied on both among the Magyar rulers of Hungary and the governing circles at Vienna. There was indeed this difference between the Magyar "view" pure and simple, and the Austrian "view" pure and simple. The Magyars hoped, and perhaps believed, that the Monarchy, after successfully employing its forces in reducing the unruly elements of Bosnia and Herzegovina, might see its way to handing them back to the Sublime Porte as a bulwark of Ottoman power which should effectually curb the future aspirations of the Serbian prin-

cialties. The iron wedge was to be driven anew into the heart of the Jugo-Slavs. The Military Party at Vienna, on the other hand, though quite at one with the Magyars so far as the inauguration of Anti-Serbian measures was concerned, differed from them in this important particular, that, having got hold of Bosnia, they meant to keep her. They hoped, however, to be able, by occupying Bosnia, to drive an "Austrian," and not a Turkish, wedge between Serbia and Montenegro.

The Catholic dominant faction in Croatia, which, aided and abetted by the Magyar superiors, has distinguished itself during the last two years by its inauguration of a politico-religious persecution of the very considerable Serbian minority resident in the Province, perceived that those in power at Vienna were about to plunge into what, if it succeeded, might be called a "Croatian" policy, and rejoiced accordingly. The idea of the Catholic faction at Agram has been that the whole Triune Kingdom and Bosnia as well might be moulded into a "Great Croatia," in the formation of which as good Catholics and loyal subjects of the Hapsburgs they relied at least on support from Vienna. Bosnia, they imagined, might be governed by an alliance between the small Roman Catholic minority of the province with the native Mahometans as against the Serbian majority of the population, and Croatian administrators were to preside over and direct this holy alliance. They believed, not without some show of reason, that the native Mahometan aristocracy, the Begs and Aghas, might easily be won back by the Roman propaganda from the faith of Islâm which their ancestors had accepted as a social necessity. As the Serbs—the Pravoslavs, or members of orthodox Greek Church—representing the great independent traditions of the Southern Slavs, were to be everywhere trodden down, the little Croatian Government, not without many nods of approval from Pesth and Vienna, which in this respect were at one, set itself to "put down" the Serbian nationality

under its immediate jurisdiction—the Croatian officials who were to undertake the same work beyond the Save wishing no doubt to get their hands in. Elsewhere¹ I have described some of that flagitious work. Elsewhere I have described—not from vague hearsay, but from personal observation—the shameless neglect of the Serbian refugees from Bosnia who had sought shelter within the limits of Christendom to find by scores of thousands but six feet of Austro-Hungarian soil. Elsewhere I have described the secret denunciations, the mock trials, the illegal imprisonments, to which leading Serbs of the province were subjected, without a possibility of redress, by the agents of a Government which, under the ægis of a sham constitutionalism, has furnished up anew the Inquisition tools of Metternich. For the object in view no means were too vile, no measures too high-handed; but the suppression—no other word will serve—of the Refugee Schools erected by the English ladies, Miss A. P. Irby and Miss Johnston, for the Bosnian children, by an edict of the Governor of the Croatian Military Frontier, the brother, be it observed, of the present Commander-in-Chief of the invading army, must stand alone for its infamy. Nearly two thousand children were returned adrift and cut off from the bread of knowledge by this Catholic Croat and military barbarian, for no other reason than that they were Serbs.

But this "Croatian" policy received its death-blow from the hands of the Bosnian Mahometans. When it was found that the Mahometan population of Bosnia obstinately refused to receive the Austrians as benefactors, and preferred to treat them as brigands, the hope of governing Bosnia in an anti-Serbian sense by an alliance between Roman Catholic and Mahometan, dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision. The effect of the invasion

¹ I must refer to my letters in the *Manchester Guardian* of June 24th and 29th of this year, on "The Politico-Religious Persecution in Croatia," and "The Proclamation of Martial Law in Slavonia."

has indeed in many ways strengthened the position of the Serbian majority of the Bosnian population. The Mahometans have been led to bid for Serbian assistance. The Serbs, though for the most part passively acquiescent for the present, see that when "order" of any kind is re-established in Bosnia, what remains of the Mahometan population will be led to link itself with them in common political opposition to the hated Swabian and Magyar. The Austrian "occupation" has indeed had the effect of healing to a great extent the inveterate feud between the Begs and the Serbian Rayahs of the Province.

It almost seems now as if the Austrian invaders, the fine political combination having broken down, were determined to ground their usurpation on blood and iron alone. Those not behind the scenes can have no adequate conception of the precautionary measures taken by the Austrian Government to prevent any genuine information of what is taking place from reaching the outside world. *Experto crede.* When I, in company with the single other representative of the English press, was forced by refinements of "control" such as were never practised even by the Russians, to take leave of head-quarters on the road to Serajevo, the only "Austrian" institution that had been successfully introduced on to Bosnian soil was the "Press Bureau," to whose representative I have already in part introduced the reader. The telegraph lines from Pesth and Vienna have become mere instruments of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office, and one at least of the chief agencies for the dissemination of intelligence in England, chronicles nothing but such items as have been already cooked for foreign consumption by the *officieux* of Vienna. The *Times*, that used to publish whole telegraphic columns from the Austrian capital, now that political interest centres with the Austrians in Bosnia, has to put off its readers with such paltry scraps and tags of information as have escaped the official scissors. Even the transmission to England of extracts

from the Hungarian papers is prohibited by the censors at Vienna! If in spite of these unscrupulous efforts to gag the public press of Europe and to hoodwink public opinion, we hear through roundabout sources of the wholesale shooting of Mahometan prisoners; of the execution of forty Serbian merchants at a time "on suspicion;" of villages and towns given up to wholesale plunder; of mutiny among the imperial and royal troops, and the decimation of regiments by order of their own commanders;—if we learn that General Szapary at the defeat of Tuzla lost nearly 5,000 men and two batteries of cannon; or that in his repulse at Bihacs General Zach lost more than double the 700 men given in the official reports;—and if these as well as the most exaggerated reports from Belgrade of Austrian misdoings and disasters find ready credence, the Government of Vienna has only itself to thank. Reticence provokes suspicion, and those who shun the light cannot easily be acquitted of deeds of darkness.

The fact is, the statesmen of the Dual Monarchy are beginning to realise that behind the fiery ranks of the Bosnian Begs and their supporters there lurks a passive opposition which they cannot overcome. The first line of the Bosnian defences, if I may so phrase it, is Mahometan, the second line is Serbian. The arms of the first opponents to be encountered are physical, and may be overcome by superior brute force. The arms of the second line of the defence are moral, and cannot be successfully opposed. The Begs, much as we may admire the grandeur of their resistance, are fighting partly, at least, for caste and sectarian privileges. The political opposition of the Serbian population, which will remain even when the military resistance of the Begs is broken down, is based upon the simple rights of man. They claim no exclusive privileges, but they claim that the majority of the Bosnian population should be allowed to choose its own governors. They claim a right to unite themselves to the other

portions of their own people. They consider that national traditions that have survived four centuries of alien bondage justify them, at the very moment when their liberation seemed to dawn, in refusing allegiance to another foreign sovereign, and declining a sham citizenship in another foreign state, whose imperial crown ranks in point of antiquity with that of Brazil.

The Serbs, for reasons partly indicated, have chosen to bide their time; but the impartial observer must see in them, and in them alone, those who hold the future of Illyria in their hands. The little free principality, Danubian Serbia, has of late received scant justice from English critics. The resistance offered to the Turks during the first Serbian war was far more gallant than it has been described; indeed no less a personage than Midhat Pasha remarked to General Ignatieff that Europe had entirely underrated the powers of resistance displayed by the Principality. The fact that the Turks, with a total invading army of over 170,000 men, only advanced a few miles in as many weeks into Serbian territory cannot be explained away, as some have sought to do, by Turkish fear of provoking Russian intervention. The Turks, as afterwards became manifest, were quite equal to the feat of daring Russia and all Europe into the bargain. The Serbians were in truth grossly exploited by the drunkard Tcherniaieff, and his Russian boon companions, who, in order that they might play the game of the Moscow committee, and render the intervention of official Russia inevitable, resigned position after position to the Turks. Serbia was damned in England by an accident of "Special Correspondence"; but a death-tale of 40,000 is not the death-tale of a nation of poltroons.

But behind and beyond the small Principality extends a greater Serbia, bound together by undying traditions as well as by language and blood. Not only Montenegro, but Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, and the old Voivodina in

Hungary belong to the Serbian race area; although in the Triune Kingdom the prevalence of the Roman Catholic religion forbids us to call the majority of the population Serbs in the present political sense, which often confines the term to Pravoslavs. Beyond this area the Wends or Slovenes of Carinthia, Carniola, and a good part of Styria are closely allied to the Serbian race in language and political aspirations. The Catholic Croats only, although belonging to precisely the same race as the Serbs, hold for the present aloof from those political aims which to-day are stirring these other South Slavonic populations to their depths, and which centre round the Serbs as the most powerful of the Jugoslav peoples.

There never was a more signal instance of political infatuation than when Count Andrassy despatched the troops of the Monarchy into Bosnia "to put down the Serbs." Austrian occupation with all its sanguinary accompaniments, may yet be useful. I have never wished to gainsay that. It may be useful even as paving the way for the break-up of that heterogeneous Empire, and its ultimate redistribution in such a form that patriotism may again become a possible virtue among those who are to-day its subjects. It may be useful as cutting off the last shred of connexion between Bosnia and the corruption of Stamboul. It may be useful as probably the only possible means at hand to break the still half feudal domination of the Mahometan ruling caste in Bosnia. It may be useful, even, as paving the way for future liberties. But a government which is not a nation cannot give them, cannot secure them. It is not for Austria-Hungary to reap the fruits of her exertions. Her military might is great. Let her occupy her new Lombardy by all means. But in attempting, as she seems resolved to do, to stamp out the spirit of Serbian nationality, she is attempting something beyond the power of her arms. She will find the Mahometan as well as the Pravoslav element, both alike

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Serbian by blood, linked together in opposition against the Croatian bureaucrats by whose means she vainly hoped to Austrianize the province.

The spirit of nationality awakened now among all Serbian and potentially Serbian peoples is indeed in its way one of the most striking phenomena to be found in modern Europe. There occurs to me a little orphan child of nine years, a Bosnian Serb, who, with his little sister and parents, had fled across the Dalmatian border from the Mahometan Terror. The little lad and his sister, who both displayed a singular talent for music, had learnt to sing the national songs and to play the ghuzla or Serbian lyre, and as both their father and mother died with thousands of others of the hunger disease on Austrian soil, I suppose it was only their sweet tongues and nimble fingers that saved the little ones from the same grave. The small orphan had been found by Miss Irby in the mountain village, where hundreds of refugees were congregated, and taken to her school at Knin, where I saw him and heard him play. The "little minstrel"—*Mali Pievatz*, the Bosnians knew him by no other name—who had a ghuzla given him not too big for his small hands, sat down on a stool and played and sung a lay of Marko Kraljević, the old Serbian hero, that had been taught him by his father. He sang with a clear, fine voice and singular expression, his pretty boyish face completely wrapped in the lay he sang, his keen eyes gazing beyond the listeners into another world—peopled with no visionary heroes; and as he rehearsed the mighty deeds of Serbian forefathers against the Turks his small face flushed with suppressed excitement, and his eyes, bright as those of a young falcon, flashed with all the pride of a great ancestry. When he had finished Miss Irby asked him what was most thought of in Bosnia—meaning what song. The boy, misunderstanding the question, replied decisively, "Heroes!" I do not hesitate to say that those old Serbian heroes and those national traditions of bygone freedom and

unity which even little children serve to keep alive among the Bosnian people, excite a devotion against which the artificial Monarchy of the Hapsburgs has nothing to oppose. The bones of Dushan may yet work more miracles than the living arm of Francis Joseph. The Spirit of Nationality—the self-consciousness which makes a people a people—the self-confidence which enables a nation to read the prophecies of its future in the sublime traditions of its past—the self-knowledge which enables it to choose for itself a government in conformity with its true genius—that Spirit without which a body politic, under whatever government, must degenerate into a machine—will triumph yet in Eastern Europe. There may be renegade Englishmen who oppose in the Balkan peninsula the realisation of the very principles of nationality whose triumph they hailed in Italy and Germany; who would sign and seal the partition of a Southern Poland, and link, as far as in them lay, the destinies of their country with those of the most artificial and pettily tyrannical Power on the Continent of Europe, in order, it would seem, to secure the eventual triumph of a Power, tyrannical indeed, but not artificial. But the Spirit of Nationality which the Serbs have, which the Austrians have not, will survive their machinations. As I wrote on the eve of the Austrian entry into Bosnia so I now repeat. The artificial government of a Monarchy which cannot even call itself by a single name, is powerless against a nationality which has its stronghold in the hearts of peoples striving after union. No diplomatic jugglery, no constitutional make-shifts, no show of military might, no laws, no police regulations, can avail such a government to crush out a nationality which finds its best propaganda, not in Jesuit intrigues, not in an anti-national system of education and an inspired press, but in a thousand heroic lays and on the chords of the Serbian lyre.

ARTHUR J. EVANS.

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